

THE KNOWLEDGE OF THINGS DISTANT

IN the section of the *Rituale Romanum* which is entitled "De Exorcizandis Obsessis a Demonio," the priest is cautioned against a too ready disposition to believe that those who behave extravagantly or strangely are necessarily possessed by the devil. He is bidden to acquaint himself with the criteria which distinguish cases of true possession from those of an "atrabilious" temperament or of disease, and among the most sure tests of the former condition it is laid down that the action of the evil spirit may safely be assumed when the suspected energumen speaks or understands languages he has never learnt or "betrays a knowledge of distant and hidden things." It thus seems to be intimated that a knowledge of distant and hidden things lies beyond man's natural powers. If any reputed seer is able without the aid of mechanical contrivances to tell what is going on a hundred miles away, he must either have had a supernatural revelation from God or must be in some sense acting under diabolic influence. Although it is not easy to find this proposition explicitly laid down anywhere in precise terms, the impression resulting from a perusal of the relevant passages in Pope Benedict XIV.'s great work on Beatification and Canonization is that the writer judges of all abnormal knowledge in accordance with this canon. To know and disclose events happening at a distance, as St. Pius V. is said to have been aware of the naval victory over the Turks at Lepanto at the very hour when it took place, is accounted a form of prophecy and is treated in reputed servants of God as a miraculous confirmation of their sanctity. I cannot find in any of the early Catholic writers on mysticism or on psychology a recognition that there may be such a thing as natural clairvoyance, even acting rarely and intermittently. On the other hand there seems to me to be a distinct tendency among more recent authorities of the strictest orthodoxy to recognize that our understanding of these matters can by no means be accounted adequate and still less final. Perhaps a passage from Cardinal Mercier's "Manual of Modern Scholastic Philosophy" will serve as well as a dozen similar utterances, which

might be quoted from other sources, to illustrate this change of attitude.

A similar explanation [*i.e.*, of cerebral action capable of some sort of transmission from the brain of the operator] may possibly account for "telepathy," which etymologically means sensation at a distance. Of this phenomenon examples are by no means rare. A typical instance is the case of a young man who went bathing and was drowned; his sister, who was several miles away, was at the same moment overcome with emotion and saw the whole tragedy enacted in a small pool close to where she was sitting. It would be difficult to ascribe all cases of telepathy to deceit or to hallucination, and yet its explanation is baffling. It has this much in common with mental suggestion, that the communication between agent and patient takes place without the aid of the sense-organs, and that the agent puts forth a great deal of energy whilst the patient is in a state of excessive nervous excitability. The distance, however, which is sometimes very considerable between the two people, as well as the very diverse forms the phenomena may assume, do not allow us to identify telepathy with simple mental suggestion. It may be that certain natural factors in the events have not yet been disclosed. It may even be that all or part of the effect is due to some preternatural agencies. The solution of the problem remains for the future.¹

Cardinal Mercier seems here himself to recognize that the difficulty is complicated by "the very diverse forms which the phenomena may assume," and certainly among the recorded instances of the knowledge of things occurring at a distance there are many in which it would be hard to suppose the operation of any agent brain employed in the work of transmission. Taking for granted the authenticity of the Lepanto example or that of St. Theresa's vision of the martyrdom of Blessed Ignatius Azevedo and Companions, one cannot easily admit the possibility of any cerebral influence emanating from the participators in these scenes. Even more difficult of explanation on these lines is the famous case of

¹ "Manual of Modern Scholastic Philosophy" (Eng. Trans., with special letter from Cardinal Mercier to the translators, dated 10 June, 1916). Vol. I., p. 290.

Swedenborg, thus recounted in a letter of the philosopher Immanuel Kant.*

But the following occurrence appears to me to have the greatest weight of proof and to set the assertion respecting Swedenborg's extraordinary gift beyond all possibility of doubt. In the year 1756 when Swedenborg, towards the end of September on Saturday at 4 p.m., arrived at Gothenburg from England, Mr. W. Castel, invited him to his house, together with a party of fifteen persons. About 6 o'clock Swedenborg went out, and after a short interval returned to the company, quite pale and alarmed. He said that a dangerous fire had just broken out in Stockholm, at the Sudermalm (Gothenburg is about 50 miles¹ from Stockholm), and that it was spreading very fast. He was restless and went out often. He said that the house of one of his friends, whom he named, was already in ashes, and that his own was in danger. At 8 o'clock, after he had been out again, he joyfully exclaimed: "Thank God! the fire is extinguished, the third door from my house." The news occasioned great commotion through the whole city and particularly among the company in which he was. It was announced to the Governor the same evening. On the Sunday morning Swedenborg was sent for by the Governor, who questioned him concerning the disaster. Swedenborg described the fire precisely. . . . On the Monday evening a messenger arrived in Gothenburg who had been despatched during the time of the fire. In the letters brought by him the fire was described precisely in the manner stated by Swedenborg. On the Tuesday morning the royal courier arrived at the Governor's with intelligence of the fire, the loss it had occasioned, and of the houses it had damaged and ruined, not in the least differing from that which Swedenborg had given immediately it had ceased; for the fire was extinguished at 8 o'clock.

What can be brought forward against the authenticity of this occurrence? My friend who wrote this to me, has not only examined the circumstances of this extraordinary case at Stockholm, but also, about two months

* Kant means German miles. An inspection of the map shows that Gothenburg, on the south-west coast of Sweden, is 300 English miles distant, as the crow flies, from Stockholm, which is on the east coast.

ago, at Gothenburg where he is acquainted with the most respectable houses, and where he could obtain the most authentic and complete information, as the greatest part of the inhabitants, who are still alive, were witnesses to the memorable occurrence.¹

Some difficulty has been raised regarding the value of this testimony owing to the disputed date of the letter in which it occurs, and owing also to the tone adopted towards Swedenborg in Kant's "*Träume eines Geistersehers.*" The matter cannot be discussed here, but it seems to me that F. Sewall has been successful in demonstrating that, sceptical as Kant was regarding supernormal occurrences, it is the letter which more correctly represents his attitude to the incident related.

Does there, then, exist such a thing as natural—by which word I do not mean normal, but natural as opposed to diabolic or supernatural—clairvoyance? I am strongly inclined to think so, though it must be confessed that we know absolutely nothing of the conditions which call it into play. For years there was a persistent tendency among certain Catholic theologians to regard all the phenomena of hypnotism as diabolical in origin. The book "*L'Ipnotismo tornato di moda,*" of Padre Pio Franco, S.J., may be taken as representative of the more extreme conclusions of this school. It was answered very effectively, as I hold, by various other students of the subject, notably by Père M. T. Coconnier, O.P., in his "*Hypnotisme Franc,*" and at the present time the lawfulness, under due safeguards, of experimenting in hypnotic phenomena and of employing hypnotism remedially in the treatment of certain neuroses is not disputed in any of the more recent text-books of moral theology. As Père Coconnier points out, a considerable part of the prejudice which had been aroused against the use of hypnotism was due to its association in the early books (produced in the days when the subject was new and was then usually spoken of as mesmerism or animal magnetism) with the phenomena of "clairvoyance," which often, so it was claimed, included cases of prevision of the future and very marvellous descriptions of diseased internal organs, or of events taking place at a distance. There seems

¹ J. F. Tafel, "Documents concerning Swedenborg." Trans. by I. H. Smithson, Manchester, 1841, p. 128, letter to Mme de Knoblock, afterwards Klingsporn.

a general tendency at the present time to treat this clairvoyant faculty which was once supposed to be developed in the mesmeric trance as apocryphal.¹ Père Coconnier himself, writing as long ago as 1897, adopts this attitude, and it may be admitted that the modern scientific treatises on hypnotism, the work for the most part of men whose tendencies are strongly rationalistic and opposed even to that modicum of recognition of the super-sensible which is involved in psychic research, say practically nothing of the possibility of abnormal knowledge in their hypnotized subjects. In this, as in all such investigations depending upon human testimony which cannot now be subjected to cross-examination, and which is undoubtedly liable to many errors arising from mal-observation, lapse of memory, preconceptions, etc., it is necessary to step very warily, but I must confess that I should find it hard to reject altogether the statements made by serious observers of some scientific standing, unless one is also prepared to throw overboard the testimony of precisely the same character made in regard of Catholic miracles by witnesses whose evidence is relied upon in the canonization process of the Catholic Church. Let me give a few examples, the first of which I take from the "Letters to a Candid Inquirer on Animal Magnetism," by William Gregory, M.D., F.R.S.E., who was then (1851) Professor of Chemistry in the University of Edinburgh.

At the house of Dr. Schmitz, Rector of the High School here, I saw a little boy, of about nine years of age, put into the magnetic sleep by a young man of seventeen. As the boy was said to be clairvoyant, I requested him through his magnetizer, whom alone he heard, to visit, mentally, my house, which was nearly a mile off, and perfectly unknown to him. He said he would, and soon, when asked, began to describe the back drawing-room, in which he saw a side-board with glasses, and on the side-board a singular apparatus, which he described. In fact this room, though I had not told him so, is used as a dining-room, and has a side-board, on which stood at that moment glasses, and an apparatus for preparing soda-water, which I had brought from Germany, and which was

¹ Dr. Albert Moll, for example, in the 5th edition (1924) of his standard work "*Der Hypnotismus*" pronounces against the existence of any sort of clairvoyance; see pp. 660—668.

then quite new in Edinburgh. I then requested him, after he had mentioned some other details, to look at the front room, in which he described two small portraits, most of the furniture, mirrors, ornamental glasses, and the position of the pianoforte, which is very unusual. Being asked whom he saw in the room, he replied, only a lady, whose dress he described, and a boy. This I ascertained to be correct at that time. As it was just possible that this might have been done by thought-reading, although I could detect no trace of any sympathy with me, I then requested Dr. Schmitz to go into another room, and there to do whatever he pleased, while we should try whether the boy could see what he did. Dr. S. took with him his son, and when the sleeper was asked to look into the other room, he began to laugh, and said that Theodore (Dr. S.'s son) was a funny boy, and was gesticulating in a particular way with his arms, while Dr. S. stood looking on. He said that Theodore had left the room, and after a while that he had returned; then that Theodore was jumping about; and being asked about Dr. S., declined more than once to say, not liking to tell, as he said, but at last told us that he also was jumping about. Lastly, he said Dr. S. was beating his son, not with a stick, though he saw a stick in the room, but with a roll of paper. All this did not occupy more than seven or eight minutes, and when Dr. S. returned, I at once gave him the above account of his proceedings, which he, much astonished, declared to be correct in every particular.¹

I must confess that all this coming upon the authority of a University Professor of Science as a personal experience makes upon me a very favourable impression, so far as regards the accuracy of the statements therein contained. One certainly cannot suspect the narrator of any deliberate misrepresentation, and the detail of the boy not liking to tell when he saw Dr. Schmitz behaving ridiculously strikes one as true to life. On the other hand it would seem a very violent hypothesis to suppose that this young child by allowing himself to be hypnotized had put himself in the power of the devil and had really only become the mouthpiece of the evil one.

¹ Gregory, "Letters on Animal Magnetism," pp. 423—424.

Again we may notice that, by naming Dr. Schmitz, Professor Gregory supplies an indirect, but by no means unimportant, guarantee of his own credibility. As we may learn from the Dictionary of National Biography, Dr. Leonhard Schmitz, who became Rector of the Edinburgh High School in 1845, was a very distinguished scholar. In 1859 the Prince of Wales, afterwards Edward VII., "came to Edinburgh to receive instruction from him as a private student," and the Duke of Edinburgh was his pupil in 1862-3, while many of us will recall the fact that at a still later date he was for two periods classical examiner in the University of London. The same notice in the D.N.B. refers to the boy Carl Theodor, here spoken of, who was his eldest son. It is tolerably plain that the description of such a scene, which took place in Dr. Schmitz's own house, could hardly have been printed with full names without that gentleman's sanction.

In a short article like the present it is not easy to give an idea of the cumulative force of the evidence which may be adduced to prove the existence of a faculty of clairvoyance in the hypnotic trance. Unless details are supplied, a bald statement of what is claimed for the clairvoyant's powers is quite unconvincing, and details cannot be furnished without a considerable expenditure of space. I must therefore be content with a relatively small selection of illustrations, while begging the reader to believe that many more could be furnished which are not less impressive than those here cited. Let me, then, take from the same book of Professor Gregory an extract from a letter written to him by the Rev. A. Gilmour, whom he describes as "a highly respected clergyman, residing at Greenock, and well known to be a very able and accomplished gentleman." Mr. Gilmour was interested in mesmerism and had been experimenting with one of his servants, V.R., a girl of 18, who proved to be a remarkably susceptible subject. Here are one or two of the experiences he records:

On March 8, 1844, one of our most intelligent physicians, his sister, two ladies, and one of our magistrates, dined with me and we had a mesmeric séance. We requested her (V.R.) to visit (clairvoyantly) the house of Mrs. P., one of the ladies present. This house was in Greenock, distant from my cottage about a mile and a quarter. She saw her servant in the kitchen, but said that

another woman was with her. On being pressed to look earnestly at the woman, she said it was C— M—. This Mrs. P. declared to be true. We then asked her if any person was in Mrs. P.'s parlour, when she said that Miss Laing was there, a young lady from Edinburgh who was boarding with Mrs. P. at the time; that she was sitting on the sofa; that she was crying, and that a letter was in her hand. On the party breaking up, I walked into Greenock with the ladies and gentlemen, in order to see if she was right about Miss L. It was true. Miss L. had received a letter by that evening's post from her father in Edinburgh, stating that her mother was not expected to live, and requesting her to come home by the first train in the morning.¹

The same Mr. Gilmour supplies another striking example of V.R.'s powers.

During the summer, Dr. T— of K—, Mrs. T—, and her two daughters, visited me. On the day that they left, I requested him to take note of all that was doing in his house at 11 o'clock of that same night, and I would visit him through my clairvoyante. I did so, and dispatched to the Doctor by the next morning's post, my questions and her answers, stating that the Dr. and Mrs. T. were in a small parlour; that it was lighted by a gas jet from the mantel-piece; that Mrs. T. was sitting at the table with a book before her; that she had a turban on her head; that she had a dress of an uncommon kind, which she described; that the Doctor was standing in the room, describing his dress; that one little Miss was in a small bedroom off the parlour, and that another little Miss was in bed with the servant in a room at the head of the stairs. I may state that she had never been in K. in her life. By return of post the Doctor acknowledged the receipt of my letter; stated that Mrs. T. was dressed in the peculiar manner described, and that everything which I stated was true; but he informed me that he was playing upon the flute, and expressed his unwillingness to believe in the possibility of any person telling what was doing at such a distance.²

• Gregory, "Letters on Animal Magnetism," p. 454.

• *Ibid.* p. 457.

It may readily be confessed that evidence of this sort is far from conclusive. Mr. Gilmour may quite possibly have been one of that class of people who, having strong preconceptions, find in everything that happens a confirmation of their pet theories and seem utterly incapable of allowing for, or even taking note of, any facts which tell the other way. I am bound to say that I see no indication of this mentality in Mr. Gilmour's letter. On the contrary he mentions some details regarding the sympathetic relation between himself and his clairvoyante which are remarkably in accord with facts observed elsewhere at a much later date.¹ But the point I wish to stress is that this evidence is, on the face of it, just as reliable as that adduced for the strange knowledge and behaviour of energumens when confronted with the exorcisms of the Church. There is a comparatively recent case reported from the Vicariate of Natal in South Africa, where two native girls were exorcised in 1907. The account, furnished by Bishop Delalle himself, has attracted a good deal of attention and has been many times reprinted as a palmary example of the phenomena of diabolical possession which could not be gainsaid.² Now while I have not the least thought of seeking to discredit the narrative of facts there presented, it seems reasonable to point out that for the independent critic there is on the face of things nothing which renders the Bishop's statement more evidential than that of Mr. Gilmour. We have in each case the account given by the principal actor in the scene, but no confirmatory testimony is adduced, and we know nothing in either instance regarding the possible bias, credulity or prepossessions of the relator.

But let me turn to another remarkable clairvoyante, of whom I have previously spoken more than once in these pages, the servant girl Emma, of whom Dr. J. W. Haddock has written so copiously in his "Somnolism and Psycheism" (*sic*), published like Professor Gregory's book in 1851. Emma

¹ Mr. Gilmour writes of this clairvoyante, V.R.: "She is able to tell what I taste, such as soda, salt, sugar, milk, water, etc., though not in the same room with me. When my foot is pricked, or my hair pulled, or any part of my person pinched, she feels it and describes it unerringly." Gregory, "Letters," p. 453. All this is in close accord with the observations which Col. de Rochas recorded many years afterwards in his book, "L'Extériorisation de la Sensibilité," and many analogous features seem to be discernible in the *rapport* which has existed between certain mystics and their directors, or between Anne Catherine Emmerich and her amanuensis, Clement Brentano.

² See for example Father G. H. Joyce, S.J., "The Question of Miracles," pp. 125-129; H. V. O'Neill in the "Irish Eccles. Record," Ap. 1922, pp. 377-381; "Catholic Medical Guardian," Oct. 1926, pp. 148-150.

was absolutely illiterate, being unable to read or write, and so far as the published details would indicate, she seems to have been rather a religiously-minded girl, with no evil or degenerate instincts. Though the following extract is long, it will be well to quote Dr. Haddock's words without abridgment, as they afford the best authorized account available of her extraordinary mental journeys.

Emma [he writes] has frequently been directed to find persons in distant parts of the globe, and, whenever it could be done, the handwriting, or something else belonging to these individuals, was given her to form the medium of connection. The reason of my using the handwriting for this purpose is as follows. On the 4th of August, 1848, a gentleman of Bolton brought a letter written by a lady, the wife of a physician in Gloucestershire. This lady had heard of other clairvoyants describing the diseases of distant people, by using their hand-writing as a means of connection; and she was desirous of ascertaining whether Emma could see and describe her state. Emma put the letter over her head as she used to do with the pictures,¹ and carefully felt it with her right fingers, and then said "it was a lady's up-and-down strokes"—her phrase at that period for writing. She described the lady, as to her personal appearance, accurately; even to a small blemish occasioned by an accident; the internal organs of the body; an affection of the spine under which she was labouring; the situation and appearance of the place where she was residing, and many more particulars. The accuracy of her descriptions was admitted by the doctor, and subsequently I had an opportunity personally to verify some of her statements. The envelope was directed by the doctor; him she described correctly, both as to his personal character, general pursuits and literary tendencies. This was an entirely new experiment, and finding the result so unexpected and striking, it led to many more, some of which were more remarkable. Once some ladies from Manchester gave

¹ In the hypnotic trance Emma saw nothing with her eyes. The lids were shut, and if they were forcibly raised the pupil of the eye was found turned right upwards, so that only the whites showed. To exclude, however, all possibility of deception, she was sometimes, in addition, most effectively blindfolded. In this condition pictures were given her, which she never put before her face, but held over the top of her head, and in this position described what they represented.

her the handwriting of a clergyman at Archangel in Russia. She described the individual correctly, as to his personal appearance and little peculiarities, and her remarks as to the climate and season were correct. The writing was taken from her, and the writing of another gentleman in Australia was given her; she was soon mentally there, described the climate and season, and expressed her surprise at finding the seasons reversed, when compared with England, having no knowledge of the effect of latitude and longitude in altering season and time. She appeared to have got to a great sheep farm, and her remarks were very homely but very graphic. Nothing was said to her of the localities or employments of the writers. At another time a letter written by a gentleman at Cairo was put into her hand. She soon said it was written by a gentleman (which she had no means of knowing by her normal knowledge), and she described him, as to the condition of his health and the place where he was residing, together with the climate, and appearance of the people there, even to the peculiar veil worn by the Egyptian ladies, at which she expressed great surprise. The correctness of her statement as to the gentleman's health, that is of a severe illness under which he had been labouring, was ascertained from a subsequent letter, and further particulars on the gentleman's arrival in England.¹

It was not only Dr. Haddock and Professor Gregory who were interested in Emma's phenomena. A distinguished scientist and Fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, Sir Walter Calverley Trevelyan,² seems also to have taken part in the experiments made to test her gift of clairvoyance. From the secretary of the Royal Geographical Society he obtained three specimens of handwriting from persons unknown to him (Sir Walter), and without their names, and these were submitted to Emma with the following results:

1) She soon discovered No. 1, and described his person, as well as the city in which he was and the surrounding country. When asked the hour there, she looked, but she could not tell. It appeared on subsequent inquiry that

¹ Haddock, "Somnolism and Psychism," pp. 130—131.

² A notice of Sir Walter C. Trevelyan will be found in the Dictionary of National Biography.

No. 1 was in Rome, and that E.'s description of him, as well as of the city, etc., was exact. As she generally finds the hour by looking at some clock or watch, it would appear that she had been puzzled by the clocks of Rome which have 24 hours instead of 12.

2) In the case of No. 2, E. soon discovered where he was, and gave the hour there; but it is remarkable that she could not see the person himself. She described the country, and spoke of crops of large yellow corn then standing (late in October). The longitude, calculated from the hour she gave, corresponded to that of a part of Tuscany; and on inquiry it was found that No. 2 resided in Florence, but was in the habit of travelling about the country. The corn appears to have been the second crop of maize, which was then standing in Tuscany.

3) In the case of No. 3, E. found and described him, and said he was in a street which she described, in a large city; the time she gave differed from that of Bolton by $2\frac{1}{2}$ or 3 minutes only, and indicated the longitude of London. On inquiry it appeared, that when the writing was sent, No. 3, whose person was accurately described, was supposed to be at a much greater distance than the other, but that before E. saw his handwriting, he had unexpectedly returned and was then in London.

In these experiments, which were communicated to me by Sir W. Trevelyan, thought-reading was out of the question, for Sir W. T. did not even know the names of the persons, and if he had known all about them, he was not at Bolton but in Edinburgh. Dr. Haddock had no knowledge whatever of the persons whose writing was sent.¹

One curious feature which attended many of these mental excursions was the extraordinary state of physical exhaustion which was observed in Emma when she came back from them. Those who are familiar with the phenomena recorded by the biographers of Anne Catherine Emmerich will remember that analogous symptoms of distress and fatigue were often manifested by her when she, as she believed, had been employed upon some corporal or spiritual work of mercy in far-off lands during her ecstasies. "At this time," writes

¹ Gregory, "Letters," pp. 407—408.

Dr. Haddock, "whenever Emma was sent on these distant excursions, she exhibited great signs of fatigue and excitement, panting for breath, and suffering from violent action of the heart. When asked, Why she panted so? she would say,—'I've gone so fast,' and, 'It is *such* a way.'" Much more might be added on this topic, but I must content myself with one final example of Emma's strange powers of clairvoyance, which seems from the mention of letters written at the time to depend upon better evidence than a vague personal memory.

Sir Walter Trevelyan, having received a letter from a lady in London, in which the loss of a gold watch, supposed to have been stolen, was mentioned, sent the letter to Dr. Haddock to see whether E. could trace the watch. She very soon saw the lady, and described her accurately. She also described intimately the house and furniture and said she saw the "marks" of the watch (the phrase she employs for the traces left by persons or things, probably luminous to her) on a certain table. It had, she said, a gold dial-plate, gold figures, and a gold chain with square links; in the letter it was simply called a gold watch, without any description. She said it had been taken by a young woman, not a habitual thief, who felt alarmed at what she had done, but still thought her mistress would not suspect her. She added that she would be able to point out the writing of the thief. On this occasion, as is almost always the case with E., she spoke to the person seen, as if conversing with her, and was very angry with her. Sir W. Trevelyan sent this information, and requested the writing of all the servants in the house to be sent. In answer, the lady stated, that E.'s description exactly applied to one of her two maids, but that her suspicions rested on the other. She also sent several pieces of writing, including that of both maids. E. instantly selected that of the girl she had described, became very angry, and said: "You are thinking of pretending to find the watch, and restoring it, but you took it; you know you did." Before Sir W. Trevelyan's letter containing this information had reached the lady, he received another letter, in which he was informed, that the girl indicated as the thief by E. had brought back the watch saying she had found it. In this case Sir W. T. was at

a great distance from Bolton, and even had he been present, he knew nothing of the house, or the persons concerned, except the lady, so that even had he been in Bolton, and beside the clairvoyante, thought-reading was out of the question. I have seen, in the possession of Sir Walter, all the letters which passed, and I consider the case as demonstrating the existence of sympathetic clairvoyance at a great distance.¹

Although the cases just cited are now more than 70 years old, it would be quite a mistake to suppose that no examples are producible of the same kind of clairvoyance in recent times. For a popular account of some striking claims of modern date, the reader may be referred to Georges de Dubor, "*Les Mystères de l'Hypnose*" (Paris, 1920, pp. 176—198), where *inter alia* the story is told of the Petersen discovery in 1904. But much better than this, in the book "*Lucidité et Intuition*" of M. Eugène Osty will be found a careful study of the psychometric phenomena of his remarkable subject Mme M., and it is curious to trace how closely his observations, while less crude and more critically analysed than those of Dr. Haddock and Professor Gregory, agree in their general features with what is recorded of the clairvoyant faculty of the Bolton lass Emma. But to draw out the parallel effectively would need too much space to make the attempt here.

For the same reason I am unable to say anything of that form of knowledge of things at a distance which is of all others the most familiar and the best attested—I mean the intimations so often received by sensitives of the death or grave danger of those nearly connected with them. Perhaps a selection of such cases may provide matter for discussion at some future date.

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¹ Gregory, "Letters," pp. 405—406.

CAROLS FOR CHRISTMAS

IT is claimed by the enthusiasts of the "liturgical movement" (among whom the writer numbers himself) that appreciation and use of the Liturgy tends to induce a panting after the waterbrooks of that traditional European culture from which the frenzied "craze for culture" in the United States and Great Britain to-day is an aberration. The strength of the Liturgy is that it is a thing pre-eminently right and worthy, the supreme work of art, the Church's appointed way of worshipping Almighty God. And it follows that those who are concerned for rightness and worthiness in the Church's great business of worship will, if they are consistent, carry their concern into all the matters of life: and the more the matters have to do with their religion, the greater will be their concern.

It is therefore found—and at first sight it appears an anomaly—that liturgically-minded people are commonly also interested in the cause of good vernacular hymns. There is no real contradiction. Though having no place in Catholic official worship, nevertheless vernacular hymns are very properly used in non-liturgical services and as adjuncts to official prayer; and in its degree it is as desirable that they should be right and worthy as anything else that is done or made for God's honour. We find then that in England vernacular hymns are receiving attention from the liturgical enthusiasts, and they are endeavouring in particular to bring *carols* again into favour.

What are carols? In its dictionary meaning a carol is any joyous song. Popularly a carol is associated almost exclusively with Christmas; but in fact there are carols for Easter, Ascension, May Day, Harvest, and other times. Some would confine the name to a certain class of folk-song, i.e., that body of traditional and anonymous music which in any given country is, or has been made and used by the people at large. This is certainly too narrow, for real carols, both words and music, have been written in our own day, nor are all the old ones folk-songs. On the other hand, I think a certain "folk flavour" is an essential in the true carol: the shortest and tensest form of expression, no literary artifices, "conscious art" or forced emotion, and simple metres. We may insist, too, that a carol is a hymn—the greater includes the less—but not every

Christmas hymn is a carol. I suggest, then, as a working description of a carol, "a hymn adapted for popular singing at a festival, usually Christmas, expressed in those simple terms and metres which are associated with folk-music." If I dared, I would add that its air must be modal.

Assuming this to be a reasonably accurate definition of a carol, it is at once apparent that the Christmas sections of our popular hymn books do not provide many of them. "See! amid the winter's snow," "Angels we have heard on high," "Sleep, holy Babe" (which are often sung to traditional or folk-tunes), "Through the silence of the night," "Lead me to Thy peaceful manger,"—these are excellent Christmas hymns, but they have not the lightness, the unsophistication, the unpremeditatedness of the carol. And a glance at Canon Oakeley's translation of that good old friend "*Adeste fideles*" is enough to put it into the same class. In the four hymn-books before me I find only five carols, of which three are English, "When Christ was born of Mary free," "A virgin most pure," and "The first Noel"; "The snow lay on the ground" is a translation of an Italian folk-song; and "*In dulci jubilo*, Now we our homage show," a translation of a song written by Bl. Henry Suso in the thirteenth century,¹ with a fourteenth century German tune. The obliteration of all distinction between carols and other hymns is well illustrated by the following lucubration which is labelled "Christmas Carol" in Dr. Tozer's hymn book:—

"Tenderly sleeping, so tranquil and sweet;
Jesus, the loving and mild.
Bright was the day-beam that circled His Head,
Guarding the Holy Child,"
et cetera.

Contrast this with an English carol of the fifteenth century:—

God's Son is born, his mother is a maid
Both after and before, as the prophecy said,
With ay;
A wonder thing it is to see,
How maiden and mother one may be;
Was there never none but she,
Maid Mother Mary."

Generally speaking the poets who are known as such do not, however fine their works, write carols; their approach is not sufficiently direct and *naïf*; "literary" men can hardly be artless without affectation, as was seen when Matthew Prior or William Morris tried to write ballads. Bl. Robert Southwell's

¹ A free version of this was made by one John Wedderburn so long ago as 1567.

"Burning Babe," "A Child my Choice" and "New Prince, new Pomp":—

"Behold a silly tender Babe, in freezing winter night,
In homely manger trembling lies; alas, a piteous sight!"

Ben Jonson's "Hymn on the Nativity"; Vaughan's "Awake, glad heart! get up and sing!" (in *Silex Scintillans*); Fr. O'Connor's translation of "Magnum Nomen Domini"; Lionel Johnson's "Sing Bethlehem!" and "Fair Snow and Winter Wind"; Crashaw's,

"The gloomy night embraced the place,
Wherein the Noble Infant lay,
The Babe looked up and shewed His face;
In spite of darkness it was day.
It was Thy day, sweet, and did rise,
Not from the East, but from Thine Eyes:"

these are magnificent hymns, meet to be sung in our churches; but they are not carols. So far as is known, St. Ephraim the Deacon, a Doctor of the Church and the master of Syriac poetry, was the first to write hymns approximating to carols; in the fourth century, and these, in their wordy, colourless, impersonal English forms, are now quite good examples of what a carol should not be; nevertheless, Mr. Woodward has versified one as "Saint Joseph, meek and mild" and set it to the English dance tune, "Gathering Peascods," and the air carries off the rather heavy words.

At the risk of appearing antiquarian (than which nothing is further from my mind and inclination), I must emphasize that the pick of carols, English, Latin or foreign, is mediæval; this is not only as would be expected but as it should be. For carols are essentially a fruit of what is grandiloquently called the "folk-spirit," that is to say, verses and music of the people at large, and not the cultured work of a superior class of poets and musicians, with their leisure, education and training. And during the Middle Ages, more than at any time since, the people at large, whatever their social or political disabilities, provided their own songs, music and dances. It is good that folk-songs and dances should be sung and danced again; it is not good that this should be done, more or less as a fad, by groups of cultured people only. The writer has gone carol-singing in one of the most "uncivilized" parts of Great Britain, and found that the folk would still appreciate modal melodies and simple verse, sung without concert-room tricks.

Anybody can appreciate the liveliness of "The Seven Joys

of Mary," sung to its traditional tune (which was "pinched" in the nineteenth century for Hood's "Faithless Sally Brown"), or the beauty of the carol in the Coventry Tailors' and Shear-men's pageant, referring to Herod's massacre:

"Lully, lulla, thou litel tiny Child,
By-by, lully, lullay,
Thou litel tiny child, lully, lulla,
By-by, lully, lullay.

O sisters two
How may we do
For to preserve this day
This poor youngling,
For whom we do sing,
By-by, lullay, lullay?"

or of:

"Blessed be that maid Marie;
Born He was of her body;
Very God ere time began,
Born in time the Son of Man.
Eia! *Jhesu hodie*
Natus est de virgine."

or of "The Bellman," a song which a few years ago was known in different versions all over England, in some places as a Christmas, in others as a Spring carol; Fr. Anderton knew it in the seventeenth century and borrowed several verses for "Jerusalem my happy home," e.g.:-

"O fair, O fair Jerusalem,
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end,
Thy joy that I may see?"

Translation has given us "The Son of God is born for all," "There comes a galley laden" (written by John Tauler and with a marvellous melody from the Catholic *Gesangbuch* of 1608), "Hail! Babe, of God the very Son," and "Unto us is born a Son," from a Latin song of the fourteenth century. But generally speaking, Latin carols are better left untranslated; no one has yet given us a version of "Flos de radice Jesse," or of "Quem pastores laudavere," that can be with decency or fitness wedded to their superb tunes.

Not for a minute must it be thought that carol singing is an esoteric and antiquarian business, involving research into Sandys and Gilbert, *Piae Cantiones* and *Musae Syonae*, an amusement for the leisure hours of learned and musical people. Quite the contrary. I must emphasize again that the carol, like folk-song and plain song, is everybody's and anybody's music. True, we can no longer (in this country, at any rate) pick them up anywhere from word of mouth, but many of them

are now available, words and music, in print. Nearly all those that I have cited above may be found in two very cheap collections—Sir Richard Terry's *Old Christmas Carols* (Burns, Oates and Washbourne, London), and *The Cowley Carol Book*, Part I. (A. R. Mowbray, London); and from these a good beginning may be made in any home; for they must be learned and loved in our homes before we can expect to sing them in church or outside other people's homes at Christmas time.

Carols have a very definite spiritual and devotional value. Not by the inculcation of pious sentiment, but by the familiarizing in a popular and beautiful form of the "everyday truths" of our Faith. They "represent the overflow of the mysteries of the liturgical year into the common life of the people. The Sacred Liturgy was not for our forefathers something remote and chill; not only did they make ballads about Robin Hood or their daily loves and joys, but they made them about the Mystery of the Incarnation, too." Our grandchildren may do the like, if we school and discipline ourselves; in the meantime, we can borrow of our ancestors and impart into our too often stilted devotions a little flexibility, simplicity and loving familiarity.

" ' Now may I well both hope and sing,
For I have been at Christ's bearing;
Home to my fellows now I will fling;
Christ of Heaven to us His bliss to bring! '
Ut hoy!
For in his pipe he made so much joy.
Can I not sing but hoy,
When the jolly shepherd made so much joy."

DONALD ATTWATER.

• A LEPER SETTLEMENT

IN a valley close beside the sea, shut out from the noise and confusion of the neighbouring busy city, the little leper village is built. Though alongside of it, separated only by a wall and a row of trees, runs the main line of railway, and though on the other side stretches a thronged high-road, and though in another direction the whole plain is being "developed" with new streets and cuttings, yet the first impression one receives as one passes the main gateway is the stillness and silence of the place. A gate-keeper sits at the entrance ; he is himself a leper ; he smiles and salaams as we pass, but says nothing. We walk up the main road ; these are leper men working in the fields alongside ; some turn to look at us, some take no notice, others stand leaning on their spades and talk to one another ; yet even to these last the silence that seems to be in the air gives an atmosphere that is almost uncanny.

The spot for this leper settlement is beautifully chosen or was beautifully chosen in the days before the town began to crawl in its direction. It was founded by a wealthy Parsee gentleman, and is endowed so as to maintain more than three hundred lepers. And it is also beautifully kept. From the entrance gate you walk up a winding drive through a little well-tended park. Trees of various kinds stand up around you, and give a suggestion of active life beyond ; green grass grows along the edges of the walk, even in the dry season when everywhere else it is withered, neatly cut and evidently cared for. At a piece of rockery, on which ferns of many kinds are growing, and over which water trickles from a fountain, the drive divides ; a branch on the left leads to some buildings on a slightly rising ground, the other passes upwards through beds of flowers.

We turn to the left ; for here is the surgeon's bungalow, the dispensary, and other offices of the kind. The surgeon is not at home, but that doesn't matter ; a leper who passes by will show us round. However, he does not speak English, which is inconvenient ; so another leper hurries away and presently brings us one who can. We are very fortunate, for he is the bailiff of the place, one might call him the mayor of the village ; and he is a devout Catholic. He walks along beside us, a tall well-built man, and talks freely with us as he walks ; and he has

all the manners of nature's gentlemen. His face is swollen with the kind of leprosy that is called leonine. The eye-brows are gone, the skin is darkened beyond its wont ; the flesh has bulged out in the way that has given this form of leprosy its name ; still one could not call him in any sense repulsive, while his ways and his easy conversation almost make us feel that we are talking with a friend.

He takes us round ; first through some little flower-beds, neatly laid out and well-watered, then past a tiny Hindu temple built in the middle of the village. To the right is a long, single-storeyed building, forming a side of a street. This is the first men's ward, and is for Hindus only. The men are squatting in groups at the several doorways ; some are talking together, merrily enough, others are playing games ; they notice us, but with no excessive curiosity, not enough to make them stop their play or alter their position. We pass into the ward ; it is a long dormitory ; the beds are arranged in a row side by side, with ample space in front and between. On these beds some men are lying, others are sitting up, almost all bandaged hand and foot. Here we have our first collected view of leprosy in its various stages.

Leprosy would seem to be of three kinds. There is the type called leonine, just mentioned, which is perhaps the commonest here. As it progresses, forehead, eyelids, cheeks, lips, chin swell and become heavy and bloated ; the expression on the whole face becomes fixed, the eyes, buried deeper in the flesh, alone seeming able to speak. It may last, and usually does last, for years, hardening and distending the muscles of the body until comes the end. Then there is the wasting type. The extremities shrink and wither and die and drop off, toes and fingers, parts of the face, then other limbs ; but death may be long in coming. And thirdly, though less visibly revolting, yet in fact, perhaps, most pitiful of all, is the nervous type. In this type the nervous system seems to break down. The victim becomes haggard and pallid ; an ordinary onlooker would call it an advanced case of consumption. The sufferer grows ever more and more depressed ; all day long he is downcast, disheartened, melancholy ; he is weary of life, can interest himself in nothing, and will sit for hours staring about him with blank and listless eyes.

And for all these little can be done ; little besides what is done for them in this leper village. They can be given a peaceful home ; they can be provided with everything they need ; those

with wounds can be tended and their pain relieved and their bandages rewound ; melancholy can be given distraction, and at least the consolation of companionship, which to the Indian is no little thing. But the disease itself is seldom cured ; in spite of many proclamations of hopes and assurances, no cure has yet been discovered. I have discussed it with the physicians of more than one institution, specialists, devoted, sympathetic, and they have shaken their heads. Even about the nature of the plague itself physicians are not agreed ; whence it comes, why it takes such different courses, how long it may require to do its work. All they certainly know are its symptoms ; and these can be seen sometimes years before the disease itself breaks out, in the red spot on the cheek, the unaccountable sore which will not heal, the deadness of extremities, and other signs which do not concern us here.

These, then, in general are some of the sights which are before us as we pass through the leper wards. The nervous lepers are sitting on their beds, half-dressed, idle and empty ; if they look at us, they show not the least sign of interest ; one might wonder whether they see us ; we are glad that these are few. The cripples are, for the most part, hobbling about ; some, not many, with crutches ; most seem to prefer to drag themselves along the floor ; a few who have lost their feet, have substituted little wooden raft-like sandals on which they clink upon the pavement. They do not resent our presence ; they salaam to us as we pass ; some, knowing well what we have come for, let a toeless foot protrude, or hold up an all but fingerless hand. In a woman's ward a young woman, standing by her bedside as we passed, with almost a smile upon her patient face, unwrapped a bandage from her right hand and held it up before me ; three fingers were entirely gone, the fourth, the middle finger, was just a stump from which the bone protruded exactly like the wick from a candle.

Such were the inhabitants of the little lanes of wards throughout the village. In one section lived the men, the women in another ; among these were special wards for Christians, and when we came to them they were easily distinguished, with their crucifixes, their pictures of the Sacred Heart, their statues of Our Lady, and, of course, St. Anthony ; their fresh flowers arranged round little shrines which some had set up above their beds. There was one little row of separate houses ; these were for the heads of the village, lepers also themselves, of whom our guide was one. On our way we passed a

hall for entertainments, and then—to our surprise—the prison ! Even this little village needed its house of detention ; for there was one offence which no inhabitant must be easily forgiven. That was, not running away, for one might go in and out almost as one pleased, but begging on the roadside. For that a leper was punished by a number of days in gaol.

From the wards we strolled through the grounds ; and here it was evident that our guide, who, as I have said, was also the bailiff, was rightly proud of his work. Every spot available was under cultivation. Artificial irrigation was admirably managed ; little crops of all kinds were growing all round us ; the garden plots were full and carefully weeded ; two large greenhouses were his special pride. He told us that there was work for any leper, man or woman, who was able and cared to work ; that the spirit of work was good ; that they were happy in their little fields and gardens ; and that the fruits of their labour were abundant, both in vegetables for themselves and in flowers for the market. As we passed some were at work in a vegetable patch ; but not many, for that day chanced to be a day of rest.

We came back toward the main entrance, and on our way visited the Catholic chapel. When we had passed before it had been closed ; but in the meantime it had been opened and set in order, and a number of Catholic lepers had gathered at the door to welcome us. It was built, as are many village chapels in India, with wide doors, and in front a long porch, just a roof on pillars ; the women, so they told us, occupied during services the inner part, the men knelt or squatted beneath the porch outside. It was a plain little place, but very neat and tidy ; a plain altar, with a statue of St. Francis Xavier behind it, two little shrines on the sides, one of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, the other of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, flowers in profusion on spotless altar-cloths, for the rest plain, colour-washed walls, a stone floor, and moveable forms for benches. Evidently these Christian sufferers took a pride in their little chapel ; and they looked forward to the regular weekly visit of their parish priest. In the village there were more than forty Catholics ; the whole population was about 350.

I left the place with strangely mixed feelings, but without a doubt the feeling that was uppermost was one of consolation. We had seen much suffering ; discontent we had seen nowhere. I have mentioned our guide ; by the time we had to leave I had come to love that man ; so gentle was he in his manner,

so frank in his language, so humble, so quiet, so perfect a model of patient contentment and endurance. He was a wonderful example of what long-suffering can do ; for he had been there a number of years. The grace of his goodbye was worthy alike of a nobleman and of a saint ; when next I visited the settlement he had already gone to his reward.

And what I saw in him I felt in the whole atmosphere of the little village. There was restlessness nowhere ; all was quiet and enduring. And there was charity ; everywhere was marked a tendency for these lepers to help and amuse one another. In one ward a healthier leper woman was handing round biscuits to her less fortunate companions, in another a crippled man was being lifted into his chair by a more able-bodied neighbour ; in a Christian ward some women were sitting together round one who was reading ; on a verandah a group of men squatted together playing some game of chance.

As I walked away, I recalled the sense of melancholy peace and contentment that reigns in the Purgatorio of Dante, and I wondered whether perhaps he had caught some of his inspiration by wandering through a leper home. At all events of this I felt sure : that here one had a vivid picture of that place of cleansing, and of the peace that must reign amidst its flames.

✠ ALBAN GOODIER.

IMPRESSIONS OF AMERICA

IV.

I ARRIVED at Cleveland from St. Louis about 8 a.m. on July 2nd after a fifteen hours' journey, the longest I had yet made, passing through in the dark Indianapolis, the capital of Indiana, and Columbus, the capital of Ohio. I saw little more of Cleveland than of those great centres, for I had to leave for New York at 10.10, and Mass and breakfast at John Carroll University took up most of my time. The University consists of St. Ignatius' College, a fine block of buildings under charge of the Society, and housing an Academy or High School as well. I saw a striking plan of the future University buildings, but failed to learn how an institution could possess a charter before apparently it had got any of the higher faculties. But it is a very live concern, all the same, and issues a paper not unknown in England,¹ *The Classical Bulletin*, devoted to the practical teaching of the Classics. The names of Father Boylan, the Rector, and Father Kleist, Professor of Classics and Editor of the *Bulletin*, recall the fact that the main immigrant sources of Cleveland's population are Ireland and Germany. The city is a vast one, bigger than Liverpool and with almost as much shipping trade; it is picturesquely situated on both banks of the Cuyahoga river and has an extensive frontage on Lake Erie. Unfortunately what I could see of the city was only its unimposing railway station and the commercial activities of the water's edge. I travelled as far as Buffalo with Father Creusen, S.J., the well-known Louvain Canonist, who was on his way to Montreal, and thence due east to Albany and due south to New York, two long sides of a triangle. Had I known beforehand I should not have taken the New York Central from Cleveland, but the much shorter route via Pittsburgh and Philadelphia, which crosses the Alleghanies. There would have been little saving in time, on account of the gradients, but I should at least have seen some American mountains and the third greatest city in the States. It was no compensation to pass through Syracuse and Utica (just skirting Rome!) or even Schenectady where the putters grow. It was dark when I got to Albany and the Hudson, and nearly

¹ See THE MONTH, May, 1926—"Hope for the Classics."

midnight when I reached New York, where I put up at the main Jesuit residence, St. Francis Xavier's, West 16th Street.

The next day, Saturday, July 3rd, I was motored by a friend through Brooklyn to Rockaway Beach, one of the series of watering places that fringe the sea-ward coast of Long Island, which here is broken up into a series of sandbars and lagoons. A long motor-causeway has recently been opened connecting this beach with Brooklyn and saving a roundabout journey of a dozen miles. The various "Beaches" are mainly summer resorts, with little natural attraction save the Atlantic rollers and breezes. At Rockaway I noticed many girls and boys going about the streets, far from the sea, in abbreviated bathing suits—a freedom of manners which would not be tolerated in this country. In this respect, as well as in art, literature and the drama, public opinion in America does not effectively condemn frequent excursions across the border line of decency. The reaction of the Christian spirit against excesses of this kind is naturally confined to practising Christians, and these are now a decided minority in the population.

In the evening I inspected from the outside the enormous new Protestant Cathedral of St. John the Divine, which is finely situated on one of the slight eminences of Manhattan Island called Morningside Heights. It is only partially finished but will finally be one of the largest and most striking in existence. I note that in a current competition it is already classed amongst "The Seven Wonders of the Modern World."¹ Its exterior length is 520 feet, which is 160 feet more than that of Westminster Cathedral and 95 feet short of St. Peter's. Its central spire—the style is mainly Gothic—is planned to reach the height of 445 feet, ten feet higher than the top of the cross that crowns St. Peter's. I could not see how much of it is already open for use, but the choir and part of the nave seemed externally complete. The funds for this great enterprise are solicited from all Protestant denominations, and already, I believe, some of the larger donors have claimed to have a consultative voice in determining the form of worship to be used within its walls. By the time it is completed the Episcopal Church, already torn, like our Anglicans, by dissensions between Modernists and Fundamentalists, may have lapsed into the vague comprehensiveness which is the ultimate goal of all man-made religions.

¹ See *The Spectator*, Nov. 13, p. 861.

At St. Francis Xavier's I met Father Charles Heredia, who has been instrumental in exposing many spiritualistic frauds, such as spirit-photographs and the production of ectoplasm: his expert conjuring-powers went some way towards discrediting a recent propaganda-tour of Sir A. Conan Doyle in the States. He is devoting himself to a strictly scientific study of the undoubted phenomena of spiritualism, and has already produced evidence in support of his theory that table-raps are produced by vibration from the hands of the medium acting on the cellular tissues of the wood, and that, while no thought transference is possible between two "conscious" minds or between an "unconscious" and a "conscious" mind, intelligences may be in communication subconsciously.¹ I regretted that there was no time to examine his "micro-vibrascope," which shows that each individual has his own characteristic vibration-chart, so distinct from all others that it might serve, like thumb-prints, to identify criminals.

Sunday, July 4th, was of course Independence Day, but the secular celebration of it was postponed till the morrow. This did not prevent irresponsible youth from holding a sort of pyrotechnic First Vespers in by-streets, which rather disturbed the Sunday evening calm. I visited after dinner the Religious of the Cenacle on Riverside Drive, where I found in full vigour the same works of zeal that characterize them in this country. Monday was a sort of Bank Holiday, but New York City was comparatively quiet. I suppose the exuberance with which America commemorates the Fourth was more noticeable in the outskirts. I spent the day with a relative, visiting the two great museums—the Art and the Natural History—which are on either side of Central Park. The first is a sort of combination of the British Museum and the National Gallery, for antiquities are as prominent as paintings and statuary. One noted how indebted artistic America is to her millionaires, who have frequently bequeathed to the Museum the spoils which their dollars have won from Europe. Setting out across the Park for the Natural History Museum, we asked a policeman the way, and again experienced the genial kindness of the New York force. This good man not only gave us directions but stopped a private auto that was passing and requested the occupants to take

¹ Readers who may wish to learn all that Father Heredia has done to expose the fraudulent side of mediumship may consult his "Spiritism and Common Sense" (1922, Kenedy).

us to our destination. Both driver and passenger proved as considerate as the patrol-man and readily took us on board. I doubt if any American priest has ever had, or could ever have, a similar experience in Hyde Park.

The Natural History Museum is a larger and better appointed exhibition than that at South Kensington. Being under the charge of a prominent Evolutionist, Henry Fairfield Osborn, its anthropological and palæontological sections are tendentiously arranged to illustrate the supposed fact of the ascent of man from lower irrational organisms. Here we have materialistic Science in her most aggressive mood, going astray and teaching error because of want of humility. If instead of inserting fragments of bone in purely fictitious skull-casts, and artificially grouping them in hypothetical series, the remains were exhibited as they were discovered, with an account of the various expert conjectures concerning them, the student would have no complaints to make. But to have them faked—the word is not too strong—to support one particular view is a betrayal of the true interests of Science, and a perversion of her highest aim, which is Truth. Some day an excited Fundamentalist from Tennessee will visit the "Hall of the Age of Man" and relieve his natural emotion with a club: true Science will not be much the loser.

Next day, July 6th, there was a strike of Subway employees, I suppose for higher wages. The Subway is still bound by its original contract to charge a flat rate of no more than 5 cents, and has often protested against its inability to follow the upward trend of prices caused by the war. One can travel about 25 miles for that modest sum, the cheapest journeying in the world. However, the buses and the Elevated, more crowded than ever, were in operation, and there was nothing resembling the results of the General Strike here in May. My friend from Whippany, New Jersey, Father Clifford, entertained me at lunch at the Century Club, where I met the Rev. F. Foakes Jackson, who, though a Cambridge man, has been a Professor for many years at the Union Theological Seminary of New York, and is well known as an advanced Modernist. But no controversy ruffled this particular meeting of opposites. My last meal in New York was appropriately where my first had been, with the hospitable staff of "America," whom I left to take train for Montreal from the Grand Central, motored thereto by the kind friend whose car had frequently been at my disposal. I had

thought of visiting on the way to Canada the great Jesuit High School at Worcester, and the still more famous College at Boston, but I had not left a sufficient margin of time for either. To visit the States and not see Boston seemed an unconscionable thing to do, and I regretted not having at Chicago booked my passage by a later boat, especially as there proved to be no such crowd of returning visitors as was anticipated. But the States had provided such a feast of new sensations that at the time I was not over-distressed at missing this crowning one, and my night-trip to Montreal was unhaunted by the spectre of lost opportunities. It was an eleven hours' run, once more up the valley of the Hudson, and passing in the early morning between the heights of the Adirondacks and the long and exquisitely wooded shores of Lake Champlain, the north end of which, Rouses Point, marks the frontier. Luggage was not examined, however, till Montreal, and there the Customs were not exigent. I said Mass at the French College of St. Mary's, and met there the Father Provincial.

Later in the day I visited the neighbouring school of the Sacred Heart, having a cousin amongst the Community, through whose good offices Father Elliot of St. Dominic's parish took me in his car to St. Peter's Cathedral, a replica on a small scale of that in Rome, and other sights of the city. It clusters around the famous mount, which itself is covered with fine villas, and affords from the summit a beautiful view of the St. Lawrence. After a tour of the suburbs we finally drove out to Loyola College, about eight miles west from the centre of the city. Unlike St. Mary's, this is a wholly English-speaking establishment which occupies an extensive site but is still in process of construction. After dinner one of the staff drove me to see the French theologate in the city, an enormous College named after the Immaculate Conception and housing about 100 students in each of the two courses of philosophy and theology. A flourishing mission church adjoins it, and it is further equipped with a very efficient printing-press which publishes the *Canadian Messenger*.

Montreal is at once French and British: it is the battleground of the two rival languages: the great bulk of its population of over 800,000 are French Canadians, but as they, unlike the British, are generally bilingual many more people speak English than French. It is a great commercial

centre, second only to New York as a port, and commerce is predominantly British. But the French tongue has a powerful support in the Catholic Faith.¹ The clergy of all races wear the soutane everywhere. The Catholic press and, for the most part, the Catholic pulpit in Montreal use that language, and so long as English is identified with Protestantism, and Protestantism shows itself, as it does in the other Canadian provinces, unjust towards the Catholic minority, so long will French be regarded as a bulwark of the Faith. The silly slogan—"One Flag, one Language, one School"—adopted by Canadian Orangemen, is far more calculated to disrupt than unite.

On Thursday morning, July 8th, I was motored out by an old Sacred Heart pupil about six miles to the north of the city to the French Jesuit noviceship at the Sault au Récollets, near the banks of a branch of the Ottawa river, which bounds the north and west sides of the island on which Montreal is situated. The Society here has solved the language difficulty by appointing a Vice-Provincial for the English-speaking houses, which are for the most part also territorially separated from the French. Not far from the Noviciate is a large Sacred Heart Convent School, which we visited subsequently: its picturesque grounds are flanked by the river itself, a very wide and rapid stream, although only one of several channels of the Ottawa, which joins the St. Lawrence both above and below Montreal. Opposite the convent across the stream is the beautifully-wooded Isle Jésus, formerly ecclesiastical property and still the site of several religious institutions. Mother de Barras, one of the College authorities, was well acquainted with Roehampton. I had a visit in the afternoon from an old school-fellow, William Atherton, a Professor at the Montreal Catholic University, but better known as the originator and chief support of the admirable Catholic Sailors' Club, which does such good work for the seamen of the port. After dinner at Loyola Father Monaghan, one of the staff, took me in the college auto to visit the Indian reservation called Caughnawaga on the south side of the river to the west of the city. We picked up the pastor, Father Le Couture, S.J., at Lachine ferry, who showed us his church and a famous wampum belt which has been to exhibitions everywhere, and is worth unnumbered dollars. Unfortunately he could not show us his Indians, as dusk had fallen

¹ See "Race and Religion in Canada," by F. W. Gray, *THE MONTH*, 1910.

and rain was falling and everyone was safe indoors. The Canadian Federal Government has "grouped" the scanty remains of the aboriginal tribes into villages with certain rights and immunities, providing them with schools, workshops, etc. In the case of Catholic Indians, like those of Caughnawaga, the village and lands become a parish. Father Le Couture had served in the war and had frequently called at Farm Street. Though the St. Lawrence at this point is comparatively narrow, the ferry steamers take about 20 minutes to cross, as they have to allow for the strong current. I said farewell to my kind hosts at Loyola on my return, as I should have to leave early next morning. Father Bartlett, the Rector, was well acquainted with the English province, as he had made part of his studies at Stonyhurst.

On Friday, July 9th, after Mass at the Sacred Heart Convent in the city and seeing various friends, I made my way to the Canadian Pacific berth and embarked on board the "Montclare," exactly five weeks to the hour since I had landed at New York from the "Mauretania." The "Montclare" is what is called, strangely enough, a one-cabin boat, although it carried also tourist and third-cabin passengers. It is really a question of fares. For what would be second-class fare in a saloon boat one secures saloon accommodation in a one-cabin boat. The "Montclare" is a commodious, well-appointed oil-burning vessel of 16,000 tons, capable of doing 400 odd miles a day. As the distance from Montreal to the open sea is about 1,000 miles one has plenty of time to get accustomed to life on board before being subjected to its severer trials. Although we started at 10 a.m. we did not reach Quebec till after 10 p.m., for we had to halt halfway and wait for the tide! So I did not see even the lights of that picturesque town, the scene of so much historic interest. On Sunday, July 11th, we passed our first ice-bergs, going through the Straits of Belle Isle between Labrador and Newfoundland. Soon they came thick and fast, mostly mere floes, but some attaining respectable size. We had to slow down during the night for a couple of hours because of them. They added much to the beauty of a desolate channel, flanked by barren, rocky and snow-flecked coasts. To the north in the narrows of the Strait we could see the rusting remains of the light cruiser "Raleigh" which went ashore there a few years ago in a blizzard. Whales were spouting at a distance and an occasional porpoise showed himself nearer. We were now in full Atlantic, taking the northern course, but the passage never

became really rough. I could say Mass conveniently every morning in the drawing-room. On Friday, July 16th, after seven days travelling we sighted Ireland about 4 a.m., and all that day coasted leisurely along the north and east of the island. Apparently we could not make Liverpool at a convenient hour that evening for the customs and train-service, so we dropped to practically half speed. The day was bright and fairly clear, so that we saw Scotland as well, both the Mull of Kintyre and Galloway, and of course, later on, the Isle of Man, where there was another wreck on view. We anchored shortly after passing the bar of the Mersey and got under way again about 5.30 a.m. on Saturday, July 17th. The usual wearisome immigration inspection began at 7, but we didn't get off the ship till about 8.30. In nothing is our modern civilization so much at fault as in the means for expediting the getting on and off our modern steamships.

I had plenty of time on the "Montclare" to review my experiences in the New World. One result of them obviously was the growth of a much more intelligent interest in things American. If one can fit a back-ground to an event it becomes much more vivid, and consequently any projected or actual developments in New York, Chicago, Washington, etc., have a much fuller significance to one who has been there. Again, after reading about a people for a life-time, one values the opportunity of verifying or, it may be, discarding, life-long impressions which personal contact gives. The American comes to the Old World to learn the sources from which his civilization sprang, the European sees in America what may be its issue: they each face in opposite directions both locally and mentally, and each should take warning from what he sees. For not every development is right and natural, and if civilization is to persist it should advance spiritually as well as materially. Now, no one can deny that, materially, the United States stand in the very forefront of the world. Under stimulus of the desire of natural well-being and physical satisfaction, they have invented many ways of making life more comfortable and healthy, of saving time and labour, of exploiting the powers of Nature, of multiplying productivity. It is many years since I have seen the paper called *The Scientific American*, but I remember how week after week it would illustrate wonderful machinery, describe startling discoveries, and chronicle great engineering exploits, mainly the work of the cunning brains and deft hands of the New World. The process still goes on, showing that there is

as yet no assignable limit to man's conquest of Nature, and suggesting that, if there is, America will reach it first. But has there been any corresponding progress in spirit? Does America take the lead in the higher things of the mind? in a deeper realization of truth and beauty and goodness? in the sublime art of putting first things first, and all other values in their due order? The answer must needs be dubious. The breach with true Christianity, marked enough in the Old World, has gone farther in America, as is shown not only in the multitudes that have dropped even nominal connection with the Christian faith but in the widespread disregard of those ideals for which Christianity stands—the sanctity of human life, the integrity of the family, the law of justice. Here of course I am not speaking from my own observation, for that was practically confined to Catholic America, yet the sight of armoured cars in New York streets conveying monies from office to bank, and the daily newspaper records of cold-blooded robberies and murders could not but suggest in the midst of material refinement a monstrous resurgence of moral savagery. Europe also is experiencing the results of the decay of Christianity and, as Mr. Belloc says, must return to the Faith or perish. But the framework of the Faith, the traditions of two thousand years which have entered into the institutions and customs of Europe, still persist where the substance has gone and prevent the worst excesses.

It is the secular press that best reveals the state of America's soul. Every nation has the press it deserves, and bad enough is the best in a de-Christianized community. A looseness of moral principle, a questionable taste, a paltering with truth, an exploitation of prurience, an absence of charity, a practical contempt for the Christian ideal—these are common traits of the commercialized press everywhere. The press lives on sensation, and must find it or manufacture it in order to live. It is generally acknowledged that these traits, severally or in combination, are to be found at their worst in large classes of the United States newspapers. What wonder if the public mind is becoming debauched and no longer reacts with horror at the records of crime it feeds upon. Nor is it likely to be elevated by the so-called "comic supplements," issued apparently by all the large papers, and containing grotesque picture-serials of appalling vapidty and vulgarity. These things must be wanted or they would not be supplied. I saw the young of both sexes and all classes devouring them

in the subways and buses, and I realized how great a handicap real education in America suffers by reason of the Press. The same handicap, I repeat, exists everywhere where there is ability to read, no efficient guidance, and an over-abundance of useless or noxious reading-matter; only it is especially noticeable in the States.

Other general impressions may, in conclusion, be merely indicated. One could fill pages with quotations from American sources detailing and denouncing the prevalence of crime in the States. The Catholic press, with its fixed and lofty standards, maintains a continuous protest against public evils. In another camp are satirists, like Mr. H. L. Mencken, editor of *The American Mercury*, who delight in exposing the social sores of their country, no doubt as a prerequisite to their cure. Eminent statesmen, like the late Professor Wilson, write of the universal presence of "graft" in political and industrial life. But, taking it all at its worst, one is sometimes inclined to wonder that it is not worse still. For many generations the vast majority of the population have been deprived of religious education in the State schools, and, without religious education there can be no effective moral education. As for the Universities, as often as not they teach irreligion; if not formally, at least by atmosphere. The public conscience is made up of the consciences of individuals, and, if these are atrophied or undeveloped, there can be no general sense of moral responsibility. Let the Government only provide for the teaching of Christianity to the young, and it will find therein the best remedy for what is so notoriously rotten in public life.

To the student of political conditions, the constant attempts being made, in the interests of efficiency, by the Federal Government to encroach upon the sovereign rights of the several States is a matter of much interest. This tendency to paternalism has been much emphasized by the War, which necessitated the stringent unification of the country in its external *rappports*. But where the spirit of liberty survives there is a strong resistance to the undue concentration of authority. It is precisely on the subject of education that the battle is at present raging. If that ever comes under Federal control, democracy will have received a grievous blow in the house of its supposed friends. Representative government is very much of a make-believe even in this small

country. Were the United States to become one United State, popular government would be swallowed up in a vast bureaucracy.

My final impression is an obvious one, and it will not please the Ku Klux Klan: it is that the permanence and prosperity of the United States depends upon the leaven of Catholicity in its midst. The Church alone presents to the world the whole of the Christian revelation, adequately guaranteed and uniformly expounded, and necessary for the redemption of man in the temporal as well as in the spiritual order. Every one of the abuses which are tending to disintegrate the State is explicitly and emphatically condemned by the Catholic Church. She alone can bring peace to industry and curb the longing for wealth which causes such ill-treatment of the worker. She alone knows how effectually to associate charity with justice, and mercy with power. She alone can declare at what points liberty becomes licence, and authority turns into tyranny. She provides the strongest and most permanent means of uniting civil society, transcending all differences of race and class and condition. And nowhere is she more free to ply her beneficent tasks than in that great community which has never as a nation committed the sin of apostasy and which inaugurated its political life under Catholic auspices by a declaration of religious toleration. But her success depends entirely under God upon her children's conscientious use of their Talent of Faith. And that is why the transient visitor returns so full of hope, for the abounding vitality of the Catholic Church in the States is the deepest of his impressions. Nowhere else, for instance, as far as he knows, at least amongst English-speaking folk, have Catholics got their own radio stations, such as the enterprising Paulists have in New York, and the Jesuits at St. Louis University. American Catholics have realized that broadcasting may become as potent a means of disseminating error as the non-Catholic press has been, and with characteristic initiative they have begun to create an antidote. This is typical of the spirit of the Catholic citizens of the great Republic which, great as it is, does not yet know the things that are for its peace, and therefore needs what they alone can supply. America, like Europe, will perish unless she turns to the faith to which she owes whatever is sound in her civilization.

JOSEPH KEATING.

CANCALE

“**O** WAS an oyster-wench and went about town. P was a parson and wore a black gown,” we learnt as children, and the mystery of the rather strange couplet is brought to light by a visit to the little fishing-village of Cancale in Brittany.

Of the many ways of getting there, none surely can be fairer than the little steam train which, starting from the Port Saint Vincent at St. Malo, to the accompaniment of much smoke and soot, and a bell which begins slowly and with some method but proceeds to a shrill cacophony as it approaches Paramé, follows the Pontorson road as far as Saint Meloir-des-Ondes, and then ascends due north into the country. You meet thereby a variety of scenery—acres of cultivated lowlands, wooded hills surmounted by ancient wind-mills, and, as the line is both tortuous and hilly and the train primitive beyond the wildest flights of fancy not a little excitement is provided: the speed down the inclines may cause the traveller some momentary alarm; the corners are taken too fast for his liking, and the load seems too heavy for the hills. But his fears are groundless. He will arrive at his destination with no inconvenience other than a grimy countenance or a dusty coat.

Cancale is the terminus and as soon as a man arrives there he feels all through him the antiquity and appeal of the town; but especially if his train comes along the wooded cliffs and descends direct into the Houle or harbour; for the line divides into two at the little station of Saint Coulomb—where in a cool wood you may find the ruins of the château of Plessis-Bertrand, built by the Duguesclin family; one track leads straight to Cancale Ville or Bourg, the other descends in a steep curve to the little harbour that spreads itself at the foot of the cliffs. The harbour and the Bourg are quite separate and therein lies the charm of Cancale; you are in two villages at once and they are different in every respect. The latter is built on a plateau overlooking the bay of Mont Saint Michel and the coast of Granville. The view from the cliffs is incomparable but the town lacks the charm and interest of the Houle below.

I first saw the harbour in a sudden burst of sunshine one August morning—a picturesque agglomeration of houses and ship-building yards. Great blue-black clouds were rolling

seawards and the little town preened itself in the strong, warm light. The grey and russet-coloured roofs and the soft facades of the houses looked clean and beautiful like toys, and here and there soft brown puddles sparkled in the streets, for there had been a heavy shower earlier in the morning.

Whatever else he may do, the transient stranger must stroll through those narrow alleys and twisted streets; he will feel a desire to name every separate roof, each door-way and open space, so strong is their individuality. Long after he will recall those soft Vermeer-like greys and the deep shadows, reminiscent of Rembrandt's chestnut browns.

Cancale is famous for its oysters, and the Cancalais rear them in immense quantities. At low tide, the *parcs à huîtres* or oyster beds are exposed and the women go down and procure the daily supply. These *parcs*, which, in their entirety, cover an area of over 425 acres, are not unlike the war cemeteries, especially when seen from a distance. One is struck by the ordered reticulation of the "roads" along which one walks to view them; running parallel with each other, they are sufficiently wide to accommodate the horses and carts used sometimes to convey the oysters to the shore. Of course, the *parcs à huîtres* are an inexhaustible quarry for the naturalist: they contain all creatures imaginable—from evil-looking cuttle-fish to the humble hermit-crab. Once, while walking round the beds I came across an octopus imprisoned under a wooden stake and knowing them to be unwelcome visitors, seeing that they eat the oysters, I called to a woman working a few yards away, and warned her of its presence. She came up, and to my horror (the creature must have measured at least some three feet across) pulled it out and, grasping in her hands what I took to be its stomach—a bag-like protrusion, calmly turned it inside out, explaining that it would now die and that this was the most satisfactory way of dealing with them. So in Cancale it is not a question of *fatti maschii, parole femine*!

The annual fishing for the oysters takes place in April under the supervision of a Government boat and the *bateaux jurs*. Several hundreds of boats take part and this fleet is known as the *caravane*. At dawn a cannon-shot echoes across the bay and the boats scatter and drag for the oysters. The rising sea brings them back in the afternoon and on approaching the land, they are seen to stop and empty their cargo of oysters into the sea, each knowing by a specific landmark when he has arrived over his own particular *parc*. Then, at low tide, each man

finds his pile again, and the fun begins. The whole population comes down to operate the *triage* or sorting. The beach swarms with humanity, and the air is resonant with the hum of men, women, and children counting aloud. Avercamp would have forfeited a year of his life to have painted such a scene!

And should any reader crassly ask, "What are these oysters like?" let him remember they have adorned the tables of the Dukes of Brittany and the Kings of France; or if he finds their price too high for his purse, he must bear in mind that the oysters thus dragged out have to remain two or three years in the *parcs* before being handed over for consumption, and only two, it is estimated, out of every million of the young oysters, survive.

Besides trawling daily for mackerel along the coast in small sailing boats or *bisquines*, the Cancale fishermen, like the men of Paimpol, penetrate to the distant waters of Newfoundland in search for cod which they salt and bring back to France. The life is a terribly severe one and many of these brave men are lost at sea each year. The ships employed for this purpose are of wooden construction throughout and usually carry three masts. Each costs approximately a million francs and is either owned privately or by a syndicate of men who club together and share the profits. Although these boats appear primitive and clumsy to the unacclimatized stranger, they are, nevertheless, the result of some four hundred years experience, and it is interesting to note that several wars in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were occasioned by disputes between Catholic countries over the right to procure this fish from the Newfoundland waters.

As may be expected, this industry casts a shadow over the little town. Almost all the women with the exception of the very young girls, wear black—even on fête days. Enquiring the reason one day of a woman working in the *parcs à huîtres*, I received the quiet reply: "I may hear any day that he is lost . . ." and with a sigh of resignation, but without pausing in her work: "*Mais, oui, m'sieur, c'est un metier rude.*"

But this practice of adopting premature mourning is in no way intended to discourage hope; for the Cancaleses are cheerful and optimistic by nature. At almost every corner in the Houle, a little shrine is to be found and at night on the Feast of the Assumption after hours have been spent in decorating and illuminating them, all the women and children, led by the local priests and seminarists, go round and sing before each one, praying for their men's safe return. I was privileged to

join in the procession and was greatly impressed by the depths of their Faith and the wild beauty of their hymns. The line, "O Mary . . . bless their baits," is utterly unforgettable.

To a little chapel, some two miles from the Houle and almost hidden in a little valley, the sailors make a pilgrimage before going to Newfoundland. Notre Dame du Verger, as it is called, is also the scene of a popular pilgrimage on the afternoon of the Assumption when the entire population goes to an open-air service there and the town is *en fête*. This time the visitor may be disturbed by an apparent lack of reverence, and worship seems to be a second consideration only—gipsies and ice-cream vendors moving freely amid the people during the service. But distance and invisibility are some palliation, and the singing in the evening in the Houle atones for any shortcomings at the *Verger*.

Up in the Bourg, on the edge of the cliff, they have built the parish church. They made it high so that the sailors could see it from the sea. From a boat, in the bewitched atmosphere of Brittany's eventide it seems lost remotely in the sky.

The fine republicanism of the Houle is more apparent at night than at any other time. The women, who all seem so much alike (you cannot tell the rich from the poor), move up and down the street talking animatedly the while. Sounds of varied description fill the warm, night air : from the *estaminets* comes the sound of male voices singing snatches of the latest fox-trot—strangely incongruous ; cries float shorewards and echo against the cliffs ; for like Cornishmen, the Bretons cannot handle a sail or rope without cursing and bellowing. Priests (and they are innumerable) and young seminarists walk hurriedly by in twos and threes : you catch the faint frou-frou of their cassocks as they pass. Down by the jetty where a green eye glitters in the lighthouse top and the little hotels are grouped together, the competitive clamour of the waitresses, advertising their respective bills of fare to the cars that dawdle by, prevails.

And when sleep comes whispering to you—a last look from your bedroom window. Behind tower the Stygian cliffs, where in the old days, under the mimosa trees that flank their steep sides, the fires of an English camp smouldered fitfully through the night.

But now the stars are shining through the tree-tops and the boats gleam silverly in the dark bay ; for the first time you notice the soft lap of the waves below and find it cool and somnolescent.

RUSSELL L. SEDGWICK.

GIOSUÈ BORSI

IT is a matter of common knowledge that the final stages in that series of revolutions which culminated in the creation of the modern Kingdom of Italy were engineered by elements in the population hostile to the Catholic Church—hostile not so much from theological as from political motives, connected with the age-long question of the Temporal Power of the Popes. After the breach in Porta Pia, and when Pius IX. had refused to sanction the Law of the Guarantees and to recognize what he deemed "the usurpation," it was obviously in the interests of the anti-clerical faction which had seized the reins of power to attempt, in as far as possible, to discredit the papacy in Italy and thus weaken its hold over the people. They gave out as their excuse that the Vatican was a political enemy within their gates. The confiscation of Church property had already been carried out on a large scale, religious houses had been closed down all over the country, and now the floodgates of the universities were thrown wide open to the rising tide of positivism and rationalism which was sweeping down from France and Germany. The education of the next generation must, it was felt, be taken out of the hands of the priests, for they were not "loyal" to the new regime. Positivism, and materialism in its various forms, dominated Italian university life until the dawn of the present century, when in its turn it was cast on to the philosophical dust-heap in order to make room for the idealism of Benedetto Croce and others. It was a most unusual thing in those days to meet with a practising Catholic amongst the university professors. Men like Toniolo and Contardo Ferrini were quite the exception. The prevailing attitude of mind in official and cultured circles towards the teaching of the Catholic Church was that expressed by the foremost poet of the day, Giosuè Carducci—a professor himself at the university of Bologna—in the following lines taken from his celebrated "Hymn to Satan"—

"Gittò la tonaca
Martin Lutero:
Gitta i tuoi vincoli
Uman pensiero."

" And Luther his cassock
Casts off in disdain;
O man, let thy mind too
Cast off its old chain!"¹

It was about this time, during this stormy period of anti-clericalism, that in the port of Leghorn a close friend of Carducci, Averardo Borsi, by name, was engaged in editing *Il Telegrafo*, the morning and evening paper of that town. And here it was on June 10, 1888, his eldest son Giosuè—the subject of the present study—was born. Carducci was his godfather; he was named Giosuè after him.

The conversion of Giosuè Borsi is of peculiar interest from an Italian point of view. Heir to all the traditions of Cavour and Garibaldi, a patriot not only to the very backbone, but, indeed, so strongly nationalist that his conversion alone prevented him from developing into a "jingo," he was, nevertheless, one of the first of his generation to realize the absolute need of a Christian basis for the moral code, and the consequent necessity of bridging over the gulf caused by 1870, and of linking up once more the present with the past, the Italy of Victor Emmanuel and Cavour with the Catholic traditions of the race. Thus in his life and by his death he pointed the way to that better understanding between Church and State, which has happily been rendered possible by subsequent political events.

Catholic interest in Giosuè Borsi centres mainly in his "Spiritual Colloquies"—a series of daily meditations in writing, begun shortly after his return to the fold and continued, almost without interruption, to within a few days of his heroic death on the Isonzo battlefield. To these may be added also his "Last letter to his mother from the front," and his "Spiritual Will and Testament." The English reader will find all three in one volume, "A Soldier's Confidences with God," translated by the Rev. Pasquale Maltese, an Italian priest, who has worked for many years in New York.

Giosuè Borsi first began to pen his "Spiritual Colloquies" a few days after having received the sacrament of confirmation from the hands of Cardinal Maffi, Archbishop of Pisa. Putting into practice an idea which had probably been suggested to him by reading the works of the French author Gratry, he formed the resolution of rising early every morning, of read-

¹ Translation of G. L. Bickersteth.

ing a portion of Holy Scripture on his knees, and of pouring out his innermost soul in commune with his Maker. In order to gain the greatest possible benefit from these daily meditations he decided to set down his thoughts in writing, quite simply just as they came to him. The result is this little book of some three hundred odd pages, now available in the English of Father Maltese.

The original manuscript consists of three ordinary copy-books of large size, such as are used by children at school. It was not intended for publication. Indeed, its contents are of so intimate a nature that they could scarcely have been given to the world during the lifetime of the author. It was not written with the idea of speaking, but rather with that of listening. Every morning he endeavoured to listen to his own heart, and in his heart he tried to listen to the voice of God. The meditations and daily examinations of conscience of Giosuè Borsi were made with all the fervour of a neophyte—a fervour which never waned, but waxed greater and greater until the end came hardly six months later. In order, however, to appreciate fully the value of the "Spiritual Colloquies," it is absolutely necessary to know something of the previous history of the author and of the story of his conversion to the Catholic Faith.

GIOSUÈ BORSI PREVIOUS TO HIS CONVERSION.

Giosuè Borsi grew up to early manhood in an intellectual atmosphere, which was frankly pagan. His people were nominally Catholics, but to all intents and purposes the influence of the Catholic religion on the Borsi household was practically negligible. Owing partly to the wishes of his mother, but mainly to the zeal of the local parish priest, he had indeed made his First Communion in a little secluded village in the mountains whither the family had betaken themselves during the heat of the summer months. It is extremely doubtful though whether in Leghorn—where the anti-clerical views of his father were well known—he would have been allowed to make this public profession of faith. Be this as it may, many a year, in any case, was to elapse before he drew near to the altar again. Brought up in easy, comfortable circumstances, in the midst of a gay, pleasure-loving set, is it to be wondered at if, as a young man, he developed into a thoroughgoing hedonist? There were, however, from the outset one or two good points in his character.

Even as a boy he was always a warm-hearted, loyal, and generous friend. All who knew him testify to his absolute straightforwardness and love of truth. Not only would he avoid telling a deliberate falsehood, but would often set at defiance those conventions of polite society, which would almost seem to justify sometimes what, in the language of the schools, is termed a "restrictio mentalis," or a mental reservation. He probably never was intellectually in bad faith. He can in no way be held responsible personally for the unhealthy surroundings in the midst of which he grew up, nor for the faulty ideas which he held at one time concerning Catholic doctrine. Lack of experience of real life accounts for much of his pagan outlook at this period. His real struggle later was not so much to convince himself of the truth of the Catholic faith, as to free himself from habits of vice and loose living which he had contracted. Poor boy, he was to understand soon enough the meaning of the battle for life in this hard and prosaic world!

There is a passage in the "Spiritual Colloquies" which has oft been quoted, since it throws considerable light on the earliest stages of his conversion. On May, 27th, 1915, facing the possibility of going to the War, he decided to make a bonfire of many old manuscripts and letters, which bore witness to what he rightly terms his "grievous life of sin." As he watched the condemned papers grow scorched and blackened, conscious of the heat of the flames on his face, he was led to meditate on the remarkable change which had come over his soul during the last few years. He then jotted down in the diary of his "Spiritual Colloquies" these words:

When Thou didst see that I was on the point of remaining for ever a slave of vice, and that, left to myself, I should be lost irretrievably, then *the blows of misfortune fell upon me*. O God, Thou hast deigned to remember me and hast stricken me repeatedly and terribly with a heavy hand; Thou hast made me weep, Thou hast humiliated me, compelled me to walk and fastened weights to my feet, that my steps might be more painful and constrained. Every time Thou didst see me about to fall, or even fallen, then Thou didst visit me with new blows and more terrible trials. I thank Thee, I thank Thee, O Lord. Now I see that thus Thou hast saved me. When I deemed Thee cruel Thou wast infinitely kind.

What exactly did he mean by this reference to "the blows of misfortune"? It is the answer to this question which will furnish us with the key to the first stages in his conversion.

Between 1910 and 1913, in fact, a series of disasters overtook the Borsi family. First the sudden and unexpected death of his father, then two years later that of his sister Laura in peculiarly tragic circumstances, into the details of which it is not necessary to enter here. In 1913 a little nephew, Dino by name, to whom Giosuè was tenderly attached, passed out of this life. Of what had once been a happy and united family, three members only now remained, Giosuè, his brother Gino, who was still a boy, and his widowed and heart-broken mother.

With the death of Averardo Borsi the family fortunes began rapidly to decline. Averardo Borsi was a self-made man, and had derived his income almost entirely from the paper which he ran and owned—the *Nuovo Giornale*, of Florence, whither he had removed from Leghorn a few years previously. At his demise, consequently, the whole burden of the upkeep of the family was thrown unexpectedly on to the inexperienced shoulders of his eldest son. At the age of twenty-two, Giosuè was suddenly confronted with the absolute and dire necessity of stepping forward to the helm and assuming himself the editorship of the *Nuovo Giornale*. His life heretofore had been that of a leisurely æsthete; though possessing considerable facility of the pen, he had never undertaken any literary work, except just when the spirit prompted him so to do. Now almost without warning the thousand and one duties and worries of a newspaper editor were suddenly thrust upon him. Not only did he find the work in itself singularly uncongenial, but his position in the editorial chair was soon rendered doubly so on account of his instinctive dislike of telling anything resembling an untruth, and his natural abhorrence of those under-hand tricks unfortunately all too frequent in the newspaper world.

In June, 1912, he wrote to a friend—

During the past two years I have been visited by almost every conceivable kind of misfortune. Left an orphan unexpectedly at the age of twenty-two, I fell headlong out of a life of happiness and boundless confidence in my star into a hell of struggles, of worries, of wretchedness and poverty, and from that day to this fate has never granted me a moment's respite.

The veil has been torn from his eyes, and they have rested on the pain and suffering of this world in all their hideous nakedness. The pursuit of beauty alone can no longer satisfy the cravings of his intensely artistic soul. The epicurean conception of life can no longer be his, as heretofore. Will he be content with a stoic acceptance of the plain and hard realities of everyday life, or, now that the tremendous problem of the existence of pain in this world has been made manifest to him, will he penetrate deeper into its Christian significance?

THE SPIRITUAL AWAKENING.

At an early age, Giosuè Borsi showed promise of possessing artistic talent of no mean order. At the age of fourteen he had already tried his hand at fiction, and produced a tale of adventure after the style of the celebrated "Three Musketeers," of Dumas, entitled "Il Capitano Spaventa" (Captain Fearsome). At nineteen he had brought out his first volume of poems, "Primus Fons," followed three years later by a second volume, "Scruta Obsoleta." In 1912, after a series of minor events, culminating in a duel between himself and another journalist, he resigned the editorship of his paper in Florence. His time henceforth was to be taken up almost entirely with literary work of one kind or another, but of a more congenial nature than the daily drudgery of office work on the *Nuovo Giornale*. In December, 1913, he began writing his "Confessioni a Giulia"—or, "Confessions to Julia."

The chief interest in the "Confessioni a Giulia" lies in the fact that they serve as an introduction to the more famous volume of the "Colloqui," or "Spiritual Colloquies." It was necessary that Giosuè should feel pain in order to wean him from an excessive love of indulgence in worldly pleasure. It was not, however, through the medium of pain—or rather of pain alone—that God intended to draw him closer to Himself, but through that of love—love in the first stages of an earthly creature, of a beautiful Italian girl, of Giulia. Hence the "Confessioni."

The book, reminiscent in a way of the "Vita Nuova," of Dante, is of considerable autobiographical interest, for it gives us an accurate picture of the state of Borsi's soul at this period, which may well be termed the half-way stage of his conversion. Interest in Giulia has now taken the place of

interest in self. If the writer still entertains worldly ambitions of fame and glory, they no longer constitute an aim in themselves, but are subordinate to his love for Giulia. He has learnt too the value of character building. "My love for thee"—he writes—"has enabled me to realize the need of strength of character, of spotless purity of life, of self-denial—nay, of entire forgetfulness of self for the good of others." Elsewhere, speaking of himself, he notes:

I am full of faults, of imperfections and little weaknesses. My "inner man" has, so to speak, been badly brought up. I have never subjected it to discipline. I have allowed it to develop in absolute freedom from all restraint, without ever training it not to follow always its own natural bent. And now here it is, for all the world just like an untidy, dirty, unkempt little urchin, restless, incapable of concentration, totally lacking in delicacy of feeling, in refinement and polish; like a brat who has grown up uncared for into a good-for-nothing young vagabond, insolent and overbearing in manner, full of evil and disorderly desires.

The question has often been raised as to whether Giosuè Borsi ever was, strictly speaking, really "converted." And if, by "conversion" we are to understand a complete right-about-face and change of mental attitude, then, if the truth be told, the term here is a misnomer. A conversion in the literal sense took place when the socialist Dr. Edoardo Gemelli, turning his back resolutely on his past activities, became the Franciscan Father Agostino Gemelli.¹ A more recent and noisy example is that of Papini. The conversion of Giosuè Borsi in no wise falls into this category. At first practically indifferent, and later puzzled by Christianity, his attitude towards revealed religion was never at any time one of hostility. The germ out of which his robust faith was to spring had never been wholly eradicated from the soil. Even as a boy—though he never by any chance frequented the Sacraments, though his private conduct was far from exemplary, though on his own admission he knew nothing of the meaning of the Holy Sacrifice of Mass—even then he called himself, in a queer and ineffectual way, a Catholic. The seed of faith might, indeed, have remained dormant for ever, it

¹ The founder and present Rector of the Catholic University of the Sacred Heart in Milan.

might have rotted away under ground. The pressure of external events was necessary to call it forth to life and aid in its development. It was there, however, none the less. His was essentially a *moral*, rather than an intellectual conversion—a moral conversion and an intellectual *awakening*.

That he was not "converted" intellectually (in the sense indicated above) does not imply, though, by any means that he did not study Catholic apologetics. He did—in the works of St. Augustine, and of St. Catherine of Siena, of Dante, Pascal, and Manzoni, of St. Francis de Sales, Gratry, Bougaud, and others. "How well I remember"—he writes in the "Spiritual Colloquies"—"the days of last year, with their first fervour of studies, their eager desire to read, my wonderment, my insatiable curiosity, the floods of light and truth that overwhelmed me, the certitude made every day, more sound, the path of justice recognized, demonstrated, proved to me in a thousand ways!

He is now ready for the final act of submission. In July, 1914, he makes his general confession at the feet of Father Alfani, of Florence, the world-famous astronomer, physicist and seismologist. The wandering soul has found its haven of rest at last. In November of the same year he writes his "Testamento Spirituale," or, "Spiritual Will and Testament." In April, 1915, he is confirmed by Cardinal Maffi. He has sought long and earnestly for a truly satisfactory answer to the great riddle of existence. Now he, too, can join his voice to the great chorus which echoes through the centuries: "Ave crux, spes unica"!

FOR GOD AND COUNTRY.

On May 24th, 1915, Italy entered the Great War on the side of the Allies. On June 3rd, Giosuè Borsi joined up as a volunteer. Brought up in the pure tradition of the neo-pagan poet, Carducci, the nationalism of Giosuè Borsi, nurtured by family traditions, was deep-seated in his nature before ever he came into contact with the Catholic Church. Then came his conversion, and the pure flame of Italian patriotism burned all the brighter in his breast once it was separated for ever from the intoxicating fumes of Chauvinism and neo-pagan imperialism. Giosuè Borsi honestly believed that the cause for which Italy was fighting was a just and holy one—namely, to free from alien rule the unredeemed provinces,

and thus carry to completion the work of the Risorgimento. He followed where he felt that duty called. He has found his vocation at last—to offer up his life in battle for his country. In his heart he is no longer attached to the things of this world, and he welcomes with joy the prospect of death in order to become united more closely with God. His sacrifice is accepted, for he will be allowed to fall in action in almost his first engagement.

In due course he was gazetted lieutenant in an infantry regiment composed, for the most part, of soldiers from the plain of Pisa, and the mountain district of Carrara. Thanks to his natural gifts and constant good humour, he soon became a favourite both with his brother officers and with the men. There is no need to give a detailed account of his army career here. His record was in every way a fine one. Those who desire further information on this head may learn much from his published "Letters from the Front." On September 29th, at Craoretto, on the Italian front, he began the third and last book of the "Spiritual Colloquies," which he continued to write until the evening of October 16th. Speaking of his country, and later also of himself, he notes:

I know that she (Italy) has a thousand faults and a thousand shortcomings to atone for; I know that she has not made the use she should have of her fifty years of new liberty. I know she has been wicked and wanton, and that she has offended Thee in thought and deed, that she has been sacrilegious and ungrateful, but be merciful to her, our Father, and forgive her. Thou wilt see that she will know how to recognize her own faults and expiate them; Thou wilt see that she will emerge from this war holier and juster, regenerated and purified. I, little and insignificant as I am, a poor, useless servant of Thine, I promise Thee that I will consecrate all my powers to this end, that I will both speak and act; I will exhort in public, I will shake consciences, I will strive tirelessly, and I feel that I shall accomplish something, because by Thy grace, by Thy help, my heart is overflowing with unshakeable faith, my Lord and Father. And if Thou wilt that I die here on the battlefield, Thou knowest how to raise up thousands of others a thousand times better than I. There is no lack of good men, no lack of those who want to be good and are waiting only for the word

to rouse themselves and unite and fight. There is no lack of hearts that are burning for righteousness, for virtue, for liberty, justice, and love. Oh, I will pray so much for them, and will help them after death with my tears and sufferings and adoration. Thou wilt see that when I have crossed the Valley of the Shadow of Death I shall be strong, I shall know how to multiply myself, like the seed that becomes a shoot, a plant, an ear, and then a field of grain.

On October 22nd he wrote his "Last letter to his mother from the Front," and handed it to the chaplain of the regiment, Father Ezio Barbieri, to give to her in the event of his death. The autograph letter—together with other sacred relics, including his pocket edition of Dante, stained by his heart's blood as it flowed from his wounds during the last fatal moments—is jealously treasured to this day by his mother in her house in Florence. The end was not far off. On November 10th, at half-past three in the afternoon, lieutenant Borsi was ordered to lead his men to the attack with fixed bayonets. He was the first to climb out over the top of the trench. Hardly, however, had he taken a few steps forward when he fell to the ground, struck by an enemy bullet in the chest. A soldier, who ran forward to help him, distinctly heard him murmur: "Mother, thy sacrifice and mine will not be in vain." Then turning to a comrade, who was holding up his head, he added: "Dio te ne renda merito—May God reward you for your kindness." These were his last words.

No tombstone marks the place where Giosuè Borsi's mortal remains repose. The body was never recovered. He had few earthly belongings to dispose of. Yet in his will—his "Spiritual Will and Testament"—he bequeathed to all who cared to take possession of it, his one treasure, the fruit of his personal experience. To the young men of Italy, to the young men of his generation, to rich and poor, young and old of the whole world his message from the grave runs alike: "Be a Christian, frequent the Sacraments and conform to the usages of the Catholic, Apostolic, Roman Church. This is the sole duty that matters; this is the one unique unailing source of happiness; this is the one and only real asset in life."

H. B. L. HUGHES.

BROTHER THOMAS OF AQUINO— WRITER

I WAS searching in the college library for some letters of St. Thomas, and though I did not run across any fifty or a hundred of them presented in the double-column, colourless fashion adopted by Migne, I was rewarded by a photostatic copy of one in the Saint's own handwriting. It was composed, not on a scroll of parchment with the seal of Naples or Paris, but on the margin of a folio tome by St. Gregory the Great. It seems that the monks at Monte Cassino were badly worried six hundred years ago by the text in Job: "The impious were taken away before their time"—(What of God's foreknowledge and omnipotence?)—and though they met it right in the middle of a commentary on the subject, nothing would do but to carry the offending volume entire to Brother Thomas, brilliant theologian of the Order of Preachers, who was stopping at Aquino hardly a dozen miles away *en route* to the Council at Lyons. The Saint begins his answer half-way down the left margin, and remarks that he is writing in the book itself that his reply may profit not only those then in the monastery, but others later as well. He continues down the side, fills the bottom across the double page, and ends half-way down the next, writing about seven hundred words in all.

The subject-matter, the dried brown parchment, and the mysterious Gothic script compressed almost to illegibility by thirteenth century shorthand, made me think of the papyri, found in the mummified alligators of the Nile, which turned out to be of such help to Scripture scholars; and I wondered whether this letter would reveal a flashing solution of the problem of God's foreknowledge, able to satisfy Dominican and Jesuit alike. St. Thomas, however, does not touch the future controversy, and concludes simply enough: "If this reply does not settle the question, write to me again. I wish your Paternity continued good health. Brother Reginald with me greets you" But the Saint was dead within three months.

When, after this, I discovered that none of the complete editions contains any other letters of the Saint, I was eager to find instead something about him written by his Professor at Paris, Blessed Albertus Magnus. The teacher outlived the pupil by six years, and it was largely by his efforts that a Dominican General Chapter declared, four years after St. Thomas' death, that his doctrine was to be the official teaching of the Order. I was sure that, grieved by St. Thomas' premature death, his brethren must have written to the old man for recollections of his brilliant pupil. However, here, too, I was disappointed, finding no trace of either letter or reply. I now understood the force of the temptation which must have assailed ancient hagiographers anxious to give details, yet lacking documentary authority. Not only did I feel the temptation, but—I fell. I wrote what I supposed Blessed Albertus might have written, and the following is the result. The details of St. Thomas' life mentioned are all true, but I omit, in my rôle as well-intentioned forger, any hampering references.

On October 23rd, then, Blessed Albertus Magnus did receive a letter from Orvieto, and answered it a week later. "Albert, to his brothers in the Lord, the peace of Christ. I was afraid that the messenger you sent me was going to ask some knotty question in Theology, or some secret of the Chapter just finished, but when your letter merely asked would I tell you how Brother Thomas worked and did he find it hard to compose his many treatises, and was it his ambition from the beginning to create the great *Summa* that is to be your text-book, I was much relieved. Perhaps some of you always picture Thomas pacing the scriptorium in the act of dictating, while busy scribes are hunched before their boards, worried if they miss a word from the master's lips, and annoyed if the lad who brings the parchment is slow, feeling that all Dominican teaching depends on their accuracy. Well, some time, if you are sent to Bergamo to teach or to preach, get the librarian there to show you that other *Summa* of Brother Thomas. Its full title is, 'A Defence of the Truth of the Christian Faith against the Pagans,' and it was written for Raymond, now Bishop of Penafort. Raymond was Master General of our Order then, forty years ago, and had the work translated into Hebrew, Arabic and Syriac for use in the

Spanish universities against the Moors, who were pushing the doctors there harder than our faith should ever be pushed.

The book is in Thomas' own handwriting, covering page after page of the cheapest parchment. Far from choosing that costly paper just then coming into vogue, he used even scraps of old gray and brown sheets, and the pages are uneven in size. On many of them you will be unable to find a spare inch anywhere. Originally there were margins at the top, sides and bottom as on our manuscripts generally, but that space was soon filled up with the second, third and fourth workings of the mind of our great brother. You will see lines running from the middle of a page to the bottom, and there a new sentence will be inserted, or there will be a circle around a whole paragraph to indicate transposition . . . 'Consult the sheet following'—is one of his directions to the copyist, or, 'Look below'—with some mark for identification. Search through many of the over-written paragraphs, and you will be lucky to decipher anything of the original writing. See, too, if you notice any improvement in conciseness, or in progress from the less clear to the more. You must not think of Brother Thomas as working under inspiration and with the gift of inerrancy. It is true, as he himself told me, that on occasions he did receive help in prayer, but he makes mistakes, none the less. You will find mechanical errors like the omissions of words, the mind too fast for the pen, and there is at least one slip that marks him very much a son of Adam. It is in the part where he has been discussing good and evil, and in the middle of it you suddenly stumble on the sentence: 'God is the greatest evil.' Brother Thomas, Master of Theology, wrote that. It was corrected, of course, immediately, but there it stood for a brief second, none the less. One point in another direction I commend to you. In the margin, ever so often, the words 'Ave,' 'Ave Maria,' are scratched. So it was when he tried new pen-points and his thoughts ran away to his mother Mary and back.

I do not know whether my answer to your second question will be more satisfactory. I should like to be able to say that everything for years pointed to the *Summa*, but unfortunately I cannot. In fact it was almost by accident that the work came to be written, and by another accident almost not written at all. You know that in 1259, nearly thirty years

ago now, there was a revision of the courses in our Studia. It had come to be felt that the Book of the Sentences was a bit too diffuse, and that time was being wasted by the lack of order. Brother Thomas was at the meeting, and shortly after was given the task of composing a work to take its place. But it was not for six years that he was able even to begin it. First, that ugly discussion about our right, not only to teach but even to live as religious, bobbed up again, and Brother Thomas published the answer that ended the discussion once for all. You will find the best parts of it in the *Summa*. Then came the new feast of Corpus Christi and his work on the beautiful Mass and Office. At this time, too, was composed the other *Summa* I have just been speaking of, and brilliant lectures delivered on Aristotle. I wish I had time to tell you of the power displayed by our brother in handling adversaries from the most opposite points—infidel Saracens who knew their philosophy from the disciples of the keen, sophistical Averroes, and ardent Christian Platonists who were inclined to charge Thomas with heresy, for thinking that the Stagirite's philosophy could be Christianized.

Intermingled, too, were the requests that poured in from all sides. One of our preachers with more imagination than good sense wanted to know whether the star which appeared to the Magi was in the form of a cross or of a little babe. He received the assurance that there were no arguments for either side, and the advice that there was, nevertheless, plenty of solid doctrine to be taught without resorting to such absurdities. The Duchess of Brabant had been annoyed by the efforts of the Jews to evade taxation and by their refusal to wear a distinctive garb. Besides, they were mulcting the returned crusaders of heavy sums on every loan. The answers here are just as sure, especially that recalling exactly the law of the Jews, which bade them wear fringes on the corner of their garments, and blue ribbons through the fringes. And again there was the treatise against the schismatical Greeks. This was the work which Pope Gregory of blessed memory commanded to be brought to the Council of Lyons. You know why our dear Brother Thomas did not bring it. But parts of Catholic doctrine contained therein were incorporated *verbatim* in the document which Michael, leader of

the Greeks at the Council, finally signed. I know this because I was there. Oh! there were so many things clamouring for performance about this time that the wonder is Thomas was able to complete as much as he did of the *Summa* before that 'Day of Vision,' when he confided to Brother Reginald that now all he had written seemed as the veriest trifling.

Yet with all I have said I have not answered your question. But perhaps I have. From the day more than forty years ago when he came to me a silent lad, scarcely twenty, his aim was always and simply to do the will of God. Study, preaching, teaching, prayer, he was busy at them all. It was God's further plan that he should excel in Theology. For him that was only another challenge to spend himself more completely. That was his only ambition.

The bell has just rung for Vespers. I go to pray for our Order and for you. Perhaps later on I may be able to tell you more about Brother Thomas. Farewell in the Lord. . . .
"Albert."

So might the Blessed Albert have written, if asked, without departing from the truth, for, happily, we know something about the wonderful Brother Thomas, even without his testimony.

WILLIAM CAREY.

THE LITTLE BARONESS

SHE folded the last pieces of linen, still hot from the iron, piled those of each sort together, and then opened the great linen press. It measured about twelve feet across and ten in height. On the panels of the doors were carved scenes from Bible history, on the shield in the middle of the cornice was the family crest and the date at which the cupboard had been made, some two hundred years before. Within it on the broad shelves were stored masses of linen, sheets, towels, napkins, pillow slips, all laid together as neatly as the leaves in a book. It was her pride to arrange them so. She knew them all; the under ones spun by her great-grandmothers, and woven in hand looms, then the fine linen of a later date, and on the top her mother's special store embroidered in fine satin stitch. Only a year ago her mother had finished some of those monograms with those white hands of hers now mouldering in the grave. Margereta dashed a tear from her eyes. Change, dissolution, loss; all things were going from her, all the people and things that she had loved.

She laid the linen on the shelves, placed the perfume sachets in the corners, and closed the cupboard with a huge old fashioned key. She felt as if she were closing the door upon her own dreams. The scenes on its panels had fascinated her as far back as she could remember; they had reproved or encouraged her when she was a small child, they reproved or encouraged her still. There was another reason for her interest in the old cupboard, one that she would not have acknowledged, but which existed—it might have been, it should have been, her dowry chest. But what had she now to do with a dowry chest, or with any possession? The old cupboard was to pass to strangers, as she herself was to pass out among strangers to earn her bread.

She looked round the big, well proportioned room, at the portraits of some of her ancestors on the walls, at her mother's work table with its inlaid drawers, and the spinning-wheel in the corner, at the long, low Biedermayer commodes, and the spindle legged chairs. They were all friends, these lifeless objects, into which part of her life had gone, part of the lives of those who had given her life. Love hung about them, the love of centuries. They held the secrets that had

been whispered in their presence, the tears that had been shed upon their smooth surfaces, the endless tasks of which they had formed a part. Oh, it was hard, bitterly hard to leave them!

She walked through the room and out into the vaulted hall. With a large crucifix on one side, a shrine of the Madonna at one end, and with its gothic chairs and carved benches, it looked almost like a chapel. It had been the chapel in which Margereta had often prayed, prayed for grace to endure, for strength to subdue her own passionate clamouring heart. They rose up before her, her struggles, her conquests, her defeats. How could she leave that spot, where she had so often and so greatly suffered?

She mounted the old oak staircase which led to the bedrooms and former nurseries. She thought of the many times those upper rooms had resounded to the sound of merry laughter, of the days when she, with her girl companions, had danced on the smooth, satiny old boards. Not so long ago and yet a life-time lay between.

She walked through the rooms; yes, everything was in order. Everything was in order for the newcomers to whom the house could never be a home. They would never hear the echoes of that laughter, they would never see the shadows of those dancing feet.

In one room she took down a book and from between its leaves she took a faded flower. He had brought it from the south, that faded Camelia. Had he not often called her his flower of the south? But that was long ago, so long, that it had to be forgotten. Now he lay somewhere under Russian soil with a bullet through his heart. Oh, for the "Might-have-beens!" For the sparkling wine cup that she might have tasted, instead of the flat, stale waters of life, that she was now obliged to drink.

From one of the windows she looked out upon the sunlit valley, looked at the shadows deepening on the mountain sides, and the vivid green of the slopes, at the vines bending under their weight of grapes and the orchards heavy with their harvest, and drank in for a moment the fullness of beauty that lay as a dream over the land. How she loved it, that land of her childhood, of her dreams; that land where the North meets the South in hot embrace, and which shares the joys of both. Land of legend and of song, land where the old traditions lingered. Tyrol:—the very name set her pulses throbbing. But it was a forbidden name. Her land

had passed to strangers, as she herself was to pass to strangers, as her home was to pass, perhaps even on the morrow.

The war had robbed her of all things: of her country, of her lover, of her home, that home which had struck its roots into the very fibres of her being. She was a part of the soil, a part of the house where her forbears had lived and died. To leave it was to tear up the very roots of her being. Oh, if she could but die. If some chance might sap the sources of her being before that fated morrow, when she was destined to break with the past, and to go out broken-hearted, alone, and poor.

The old cracked bell at the door tinkled and she closed the window and turned to go down. "Some beggar, surely," she thought, "no one else comes in these days." She hurried down to open the door, knowing that her maid of all work was occupied in the garden.

When she opened it she saw a poor man standing outside. His clothes were tattered, his hair unkempt, his figure stooped. Without looking at her he asked for food. She bade him come in and set a chair for him at the long polished table. Then she went into the kitchen to look for food. She filled out a measure of wine and put some bread on a plate, and brought these into the hall. Then she went back to see if she could find anything else to put before him. Alas, the larder was empty! It had been empty for many a day. All she could find was the remains of a dish of potato salad, and a few slices of salami. These she carried into the hall. As she came to the table the man looked up at her. Above the untrimmed beard, and the tanned, lined cheeks, a pair of sad blue eyes looked into her own.

"Margereta." The words came only in a whisper through his lips.

The dish fell from her hand and broke in a hundred splinters on the stone floor. She stood still, staring at him; her face gone suddenly white.

"They told me you were dead," she said slowly after a pause.

"Not quite dead yet." He spoke as one who had lost the habit of speech.

"Where have you come from, Karl?" She steadied herself against the corner of the table and then trusted herself to look at him:—at the grizzled hair, the furrowed face, the soiled clothes and broken boots, at the unkempt hair; and coarsened hands.

"From Russia last, from Siberia before that. I have walked across Austria."

A great pity swept over her, but she knew how to control it. The tradition of race stood her in good stead, and her first thought was of the rights of hospitality. In that first moment the pride of family, of all that her name stood for, overruled all softer sentiment.

Going over to the hall door she called the maid who was working in the orchard.

"Maria," she said quite calmly, when the maid had appeared, "Baron Karl has returned, prepare a bath and lay out my brother's clothes for him, and then go and buy what is necessary for supper."

The maid crossed herself, but did not dare to make a remark. Margereta had spoken loftily and without a tremor, as if she were speaking of an ordinary guest. When the maid had gone she trembled, and then burst into tears. The emotions of that day had been too much.

"To-morrow I should have been gone," she explained when she was calmer.

Then she told him all—about her mother's death, her brother's losses, and how the old home was to go to strangers. He listened as one dazed, as one to whom the memory of all things had grown dim.

At last he said, "But you will not leave now?"

She looked at him, the poor broken tramp.

"No, I shall not leave now. My brother must make some other arrangement. We must take care of you."

"My father is dead," he said after a pause, "the old home will revert to me."

"It has been sold. They thought you were—that you would never come back, and your younger brother sold it, for a large price I heard. You will not be poor."

"But my home is gone." He leant his head heavily on his hands for a moment. Then looking up he said, "Will you let me share your home, Margereta?"

She took his rough, stained hand and pressed it between her own white palms. "Thank God you have come back, Karl." Then she looked up and round the vaulted hall.

Like a man in a dream he raised her right hand to his lips. The old courtly gesture, so out of keeping with his appearance, broke for him the spell. He realized at last that he was again in his own country, among his equals, and in the presence of the woman he loved.

A. RAYBOULD.

MISCELLANEA

I. CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL NOTES

EARLY CATHOLIC OUTDOOR PROCESSIONS.

A SEA of romance surges around the titles to be found at the head of certain Masses in the Missal, *e.g.*, "Station at the Crib at St. Mary Major."¹ Vistas of beauty open out to the gaze as the inquirer ardently pursues the fascinating theme of a Station Mass and becomes enthralled with his opening adventures in a land that flows with milk and honey, the land of the Church's liturgy. Briefly expressed, a Station Mass was a Papal Mass celebrated in Rome at a fixed basilica on a fixed day, with all the faithful assembled. When the Church first emerged from the Catacombs, the Pope and clergy lived under the same roof, and when he celebrated Mass in a basilica his priests consecrated with him. By the fifth century, when paganism lay like a dying monster biting the dust, and the Church grew, it became convenient to divide Christian Rome into twenty-five regions or parishes,² with a priest in charge of each. The Station Mass was then used to assemble all the parishes together to a papal celebration, so as to emphasize unity through obedience.

On examining the Lenten period in the Missal it will be found that practically all the Masses are Station Masses. As a matter of curiosity, examine the names of the titular churches or basilicas where these Stations were held. There you have the names of the oldest and most venerated of all the Roman churches. The faithful have held these titular churches in such reverence throughout the ages that only one³ has been allowed to fade away into ruins. What a book might be written on these saints and their titular churches! Were anyone to ask me the most interesting shrines to visit in Rome I would refer him to the Station Masses in the Missal. Nay more, the beauty of the prayers in a given Station Mass is partly lost unless one knows something about the Saint of that Station, for it is essential to remember that in their very earliest origin these Stations sprang from the eager devotion of the faithful in visiting the tombs of their illustrious martyrs, first of all in the catacombs, and then in the churches to which their bodies had been solemnly transferred.⁴ With

¹ Christmas Midnight Mass.

² Callewaert, *Durée du carême*, p. 77.

³ The Basilica of St. Cyriacus (Tuesday in Passion Week). A few of the ruins have been discovered near the Thermæ of Diocletian.

⁴ See article by Dom Morin in *Revue bénédictine*, 1911, p. 296.

this before the mind it is possible to appreciate the beauty of the references to St. Lawrence on the day¹ when the Station is at St. Xystus or Sixtus, the Pope who preceded his great deacon to martyrdom and heard his loving reproaches as he went. On the Wednesday of the fourth week of Lent the Station is at St. Paul's. That was the "Great Day of Scrutiny," the day when the "elect" amongst the catechumens underwent a searching examination in preparation for their baptism at Easter. Could any spot be found more appropriate for this ceremony than the Basilica dedicated to the prince of converts? Incidentally, the whole Mass of that day (see the Gospel) bears on the pathetic theme of those who, born in the blindness of paganism, will yet see the light.

Thus a wealth of subjects is suggested by that one title of a Mass "Station at St. —." I would confine myself to one that might easily escape notice amidst the confusion of riches all around—the procession from the various parishes to the church selected. Religious processions are almost as old as humanity itself, showing that they satisfy one of the essential needs of the soul of man, demanding to be constantly fed by the senses in the matter of religion. There is warmth in numbers, the strong in faith are proud publicly to demonstrate the faith that is in them, the weak are strengthened as by a buttressed wall, the onlooker who has fallen away finds the past returning like a beautiful dream and may stagger to his feet again. As with all good things, processions are open to abuse. But the very word abuse shows that the thing to which it is applied has a use. A religious procession may tend to minister to vanity, to become a proud parade of finery; but at the very worst it is objectively a public profession of faith made in the eyes of the world. Such processions play a prominent part in history—in Judaism, when the pilgrims flocked to the great feasts at Jerusalem; amongst the Greeks, in the unseemly rites of Bacchus, and other demon-gods; in pagan Rome, when victorious Emperors exhibited their captive kings and plundered treasures; till, finally, under the inspiration of the Church, they became a natural way of showing reverence and devotion. These Station-processions were the ante-types of what now is seen on the Feast of Corpus Christi or all the year round at Lourdes.

But even they came into use only gradually. When the Church issued from the darkness of the catacombs, half-blinded by the unaccustomed light, she had to grope her way for a time till she realized her divine strength. Cautiously she began to celebrate her freedom by processions inside the basilica. The time was not yet ripe for her to dare to parade her religion before the pagan world outdoors. With all the magnificence that her slender means

¹ Wednesday of 3rd Week in Lent.

could devise, with that stately solemnity and awful reverence which Christianity alone can inspire, the clergy walked up the full length of the basilica leading the Pope to the altar to celebrate, whilst the choir sang the psalm of the Introit or Entrance. Thus the first Catholic processions in Rome were indoors. Then came the golden age of converts, the fourth century, that saw the steady triumph of the Church over a decadent paganism. In the name of God she could now go forth to preach the faith that was in her by means of public processions through the streets of Rome.

We can picture such a procession wending its way during the penitential season of Lent to the Station of St. Anastasia,¹ a basilica that had dared to obtrude itself in the select quarters of paganism, looking strangely out of place in the midst of the gorgeous temples and stately palaces that cover the Palatine Hill. Fearlessly do the faithful and the clergy pass through the stronghold of gods and goddesses on their way to the Mass. The Pope² and his clergy walk barefooted; the air is rent with wailful cries for mercy, as the psalms of penitence are sung, intermingled with eager pleadings for heavenly help in the Litany of the Saints, making a perfect picture of human impotence prostrate before the Throne of Divine Mercy. No pagan who had felt the stir of God-given desires within him and the ceaseless cravings of the human heart for real happiness could gaze upon that spectacle unmoved. What a contrast to his own pagan processions, so revolting in their excesses! These men with eager faces emaciated by fasting and with eyes that gleamed with a strange light, had they indeed found the reality which hitherto he had searched for in vain? Thus were the ranks of the Christians swelled whilst the fires of the pagan altars were gradually extinguished.

It was not until the reign of Pope Sergius (468-483) that the Roman Stations were definitely organized; but it was more than a century later, in the days of Gregory the Great (590-604), the master-builder of the Church's liturgy, that the Stations, outside the penitential seasons, took on a grandeur hitherto undreamed of, a grandeur that was imperial in its splendour. Then the Cæsars had left Rome, and Peter ruled as a King in his own right as Viceregent of the King of Kings. The historian of this illustrious pontiff tells us that "he organized with great care the Stations to the basilicas and to the cemeteries of the blessed martyrs, and the Roman people continue to practise them as they did in his day."³ Originally confined to honouring the martyrs, these Stations are now extended to the glory of the Church and her ministry. From the Lateran Palace, where the Pope holds his court, the papal procession starts on the morning of a Station, advancing

¹ Tuesday after 1st Sunday of Lent.

² L. A. Molien, *Prière de l'Eglise* (Letouzey et Ané). Vol. II., p. 240. This work, published in 1924, gives an excellent account of the Stations.

³ John the Deacon, *Vita S. Gregorii*, Migne, P.L., LXXVI. Col. 94.

towards a central church, where the faithful of the various parishes are already assembled, ready to follow the Pope to the special basilica, where he is to celebrate the Station Mass. A brilliant cortège of cavaliers, men of prominent position in the papal household, attend the Pope, who also is mounted on horseback. The deacons, sub-deacons and high officials of the various regions or parishes of Rome lead the procession on foot, as it sets off to the chanting of psalms. In place of flying banners, the chief requisites of the Holy Sacrifice are borne along with reverence and solemnity calculated to strike the spectator with a sublime idea of the greatness of the Mass. A deacon¹ bears the book of the Gospels. A sub-deacon carries the book of the Epistles. The great two-handed chalice (scyphus) of gold stands out prominently, as also the huge gold paten, or plate, weighing some 30 pounds, to be used for the offerings of bread. Mounted members of the Pope's court are entrusted with the gorgeous papal vestments. We can easily picture the splendour of such a procession, bringing glory to Him who rode in triumph on Palm Sunday to His death for us all.

Once more the Church's processions in Rome are held within the churches. May the day come soon when the reconciliation of Church and State will permit the ancient grandeur of the Roman Stations to be revived.

G. H. COBB.

LAST YEARS OF BISHOP TANNER.
Bishop of Cork and Cloyne.

IN that fascinating volume entitled: *Distinguished Irishmen of the Sixteenth Century* (Quarterly Series, 1894), by Rev. Dr. Hogan, S.J., the following brief memoir of Bishop Tanner is given, and may here be quoted in full, as it really represents all that was hitherto known of this remarkable Irish prelate:—

Of Father Lea's Bishop and Superior, Dr. Tanner, we learn that at the age of 39 he entered the Society in Rome, in 1565, studied in the Roman College in 1566, and, with Father Rochfort, was sent to the University of Dillingen in 1567, and became a Doctor of Divinity. As Father Copinger writes: "Through great sickness, not without the licence of his Superiors and the advice of physicians, he was enforced to come forth out of the Society." He was elected Bishop of Cork and Commissary Apostolic in 1574; was captured and imprisoned, and treated with great cruelty. "He suffered great penury and want as well in prison as out of it," and died on the 4th of June, 1579.

¹ For a detailed account of all that is carried in this procession see *Ordo Romanus* I, 1—8, Migne, P.L., LXXVIII, Col. 938.

Fortunately, the recent publication of the *Calendar of State Papers, Rome*, Vols. I and II, covering the period 1559-1578, supplies us with much new information regarding this distinguished Irish Bishop of Cork and Cloyne, who had been a pupil of St. Peter Canisius, S.J., and who left the Jesuits, consumed with a desire to go on the Irish mission, though broken in health.

On October 26th, 1571, Father Tanner writes from Rome to Cardinal Moroni, Protector of Ireland, describing himself as "an exile for religion's sake for more than twelve years from Ireland," that he wants to return, "if he might be of any service to his country." Ireland, he continues, was in a dreadful condition; and the poor people, though grossly misled, "need but the admonition of a good guide," and, consequently, he has come to Rome from Louvain to offer his services for the Irish mission—referring the Cardinal, for recommendations, to "the Bishop of St. Asaph, the Bishop of Emby (both in Rome), the English Prior of the Knights of Malta (Sir R. Shelley)—and, for fuller information to Father Natalis, Vicar of the Institute of the Society of Jesus, and Father Everard of the same Society, Alan Cape, the Warden of the English Hospital at Rome and other priests of the same Hospital."

A year later, we find St. Charles Borromeo appointing Dr. Tanner to a canonry in Milan, but, apparently, the yearning to return to his native land was still uppermost in his thoughts, for we find a letter of his, dated Milan, on the Feast of the Epiphany, January 6th, 1573, to Cardinal Moroni, which is thus calendared:—"Though provided by Cardinal Borromeo with a canonry at Milan he yearns to return to Ireland, to minister to the souls that there sit in darkness and the shadow of death; and, encouraged by Moroni's previous kindness, he craves his good offices to that end."

At length, on November 5th, 1574, he was provided by the Pope to the united sees of Cork and Cloyne, and, on April 10th, 1575, was consecrated Bishop, also receiving faculties for absolving from heresy, etc., not only for his own diocese but also for the provinces of Dublin and Cashel, owing to the absence of the two Archbishops. A month later, on May 12th, 1575, Pope Gregory XIII gave Bishop Tanner commendatory letters to all Bishops and other prelates, eulogizing him on his missionary zeal for Ireland.

We get a glimpse of Bishop Tanner in June, 1575, at Paris (where he ordained Florence O'More, S.J., as priest), and, in September, he reached Lisbon, where he was befriended by Caligari, the Papal Nuncio for Portugal. The following letter from Caligari to the Cardinal of Como, dated Lisbon, November 23rd, 1575, is from the printed Calendar:—

The Irish Bishop of Cork was earnestly commended to me by the Nuncio of Madrid. I have done him every service in my power that a sick man requires; *inter alia* I have procured him a safe passage for England on one of the Venetian ships, whence

he will readily make his way to Ireland : he has departed with a good wind and a good purpose to do his duty in his church to the honour of God and the weal of those souls who are in the utmost need thereof. I cannot but bear good testimony to his virtue and zeal for the service of God. All this, I believe, will be gratifying to the Pope.

The reply to this letter is written, from Rome to Caligari from Cardinal Alciati, Protector of Ireland, dated January 3rd, 1576 :—
 " You have done very well in being courteous to the Bishop of Cork, and have afforded his Holiness much gratification."

Bishop Tanner, after many adventures, arrived in Ireland, at Galway, in June, 1576, as narrated in a letter from Caligari to the Cardinal of Como, dated Lisbon, October 17th, 1576 :—

Yesterday I received letters from Edmund [Tanner] Bishop of Cork, to the effect that after infinite perils he arrived at the port of Galway, in Ireland, on Corpus Christi day [21st June], and that the country is full of heretics and robbers. Nevertheless, he evinces great courage. I hope that he will do good in that island, and to that end I shall continue most zealously to exhort him.

From other sources, especially the *Calendar of State Papers, Ireland, 1574-1585*, we learn that Sir William Drury, Lord President of Munster, captured Bishop Tanner in County Tipperary, towards the end of August, 1576, and sent him prisoner to Clonmel. In Father John Howling's (S.J.) *Perbreve Compendium*, written in 1589, it is stated that " Bishop Tanner and his chaplain were arrested and thrown into prison at Clonmel, where he had been visited by a certain schismatic bishop, whom after divers discussions and conferences he had brought back to the bosom of the Church ; and, then, after some days, with the help of God and the assistance of a certain noble Earl, having been released from prison, he journeyed almost through the whole kingdom, administering the Sacraments and fulfilling his office as Papal Commissary and Bishop for four years." (*Spicilegium Ossoniense*, Vol. I, p. 83).

This notice of Bishop Tanner's wonderful experience in Clonmel jail, and of his bringing back a certain heretical bishop to the bosom of Mother Church can now be corroborated by a letter from Caligari to the Cardinal of Como, dated Lisbon, November 24th, 1576 :
 " I have received another letter, to wit, of the 25th of September, from the Bishop of Cork, in Ireland, who likewise writes the enclosed to Cardinal Alciati ; and appries me that he has not been able to avoid the nets of the heretics ; they were not, however, treating him harshly, but had committed him to the custody of the heretic Bishop of Waterford, pending the Queen of England's answer to their request to know what was to be done with him ; and the Bishop says

that propagating the Gospel even in prison, *he has converted the said bishop* [of Waterford], *his Keeper, and induced him to abjure all heresies with many a tear and token of penitence.* I replied forthwith, consoling him and encouraging him to play the man, and asking him to report to me from time to time how he fares ; and at his instance I am sending to the Bishop of Padua a copy of his last letter to me."

It will be noticed that Father John Howling, S.J. (a native of Co. Wexford) in his account of Bishop Tanner's imprisonment and reconciliation of an heretical bishop, is careful to omit the prelate's name, and also the name of the nobleman who succeeded in having the Bishop of Cork released. Here it may be well to mention that "the certain noble Earl" was the Earl of Barrymore, James FitzRichard Barry, while the schismatic Bishop of Waterford and Lismore was Patrick Walshe, M.A. and B.D. of Oxford, who was appointed to the see by patent dated July 24th, 1551, and who held the Deanery of Waterford *in commendam* until 1566, when he resigned it in favour of a strenuous Catholic, Peter White, "the lucky schoolmaster of Munster."

This return to the church of Bishop Walshe, in September, 1576, is an important item in Irish ecclesiastical history, as some recent polemical writers have quoted with much satisfaction a letter in the Franciscan Manuscripts (Hist. MSS. Com. Report, 1906) from Father Thomas Strange, O.F.M., to Father Luke Wadding, O.F.M., dated November 20th, 1629, pointing out that a passage in the Bull of Bishop Conneford—describing the See of Waterford as "*vacant per obitum cujusdam Walshe bonae memoriae*"—shall be corrected, inasmuch as "Walshe died a confirmed heretic." Of course, Father Strange was not to blame, as he was not aware of Bishop Walshe's conversion and repentance, but Bishop Tanner's letter to Caligari leaves no room for doubt, and, therefore the definite phrase *bonae memoriae* stands good. Moreover, Bishop Walshe died soon after (early in 1578) quite penitent, and was replaced by Rev. John White, D.D., who was appointed Vicar Apostolic of Waterford by the Pope on 4th of November, 1578.

Apparently Bishop Tanner was released in January, 1577, as Caligari writes to the Cardinal of Como as follows :—"I am informed by certain Irishmen, who have recently arrived at this port, that the Bishop of Cork has been released from prison by the heretics, and that, though he may not enter his city, he goes without molestation about his diocese, teaching and preaching the Gospel of our Holy Catholic faith with good results. I have written congratulating him thereon, and praying him to furnish me with a report as to all that, as I shall deem true just as much as I shall learn from his own letters and nothing more." This letter is dated Lisbon, March 1st, 1577.

In the autumn of 1577 Bishop Tanner was labouring in various parts of his diocese, and there is a letter of his dated from Ross-

carbery, Co. Cork, October 11th, in which he informs the General of the Jesuits that Father Charles Lee, S.J., and Father Robert Rochfort, S.J., had at that date a most successful school in Youghal. The General (Father Everard Mercurian, S.J.) wrote to Sir James FitzMaurice, on June 28th, 1578, regretting that he could not send more Jesuits to Ireland, and hoped that some employment could be found for "old David Wolfe." (*Cal. S.P., Ireland, 1574-1585*, p. 136). In the spring of 1579 the Bishop was hotly pursued, owing to the Desmond insurrection, and he found refuge in the hospitable Castle of Cullahill, belonging to the Lord of Upper Ossory. Here he passed away, worn out with disease and labours, on June 4th, 1579. Father Howling, S.J., eminently cautious, writes:—"Tandem, inedia et labore omnino confectus, in Ossoriensi episcopatu, tanquam fidelis et diligens Jesu Christi servus, fatalem diem obivit anno 1579, mense Januario." (*Spic. Ossor.* I, 84). But, from other sources, we are certain that the true date of Bishop Tanner's death was June 4th, 1579, and we learn the name of his host from a letter in the Irish State Papers, in which the Earl of Ormond (on July 21st, 1580) informs Walsingham of his exploits against the Desmond faction:—"Barrymore is an arrant Papist who a long time kept in his house Dr. Tanner, made bishop here by the Pope. This Bishop died in my Lord of Upper Ossory's house, being secretly kept there. Believe me, Mr. Secretary, you shall find my Lord of Upper Ossory as bad a man as may be." It only remains to add that both Barrymore and Upper Ossory were prisoners in Dublin Castle in September, 1580, and both died in 1581.

W. H. GRATTAN FLOOD.

MODERNISTS AT GIRTON.

THE Conference Number of the *Modern Churchman* prints all the papers read last September at Cambridge during the Congress on "The Sacraments: their Psychology and History."

Neither Dean Inge nor Bishop Barnes appear to have attended the Conference; but, though Dr. Major read no paper at the meetings, he contributes an Editorial Introduction to the published papers.

The Conference, possibly through the silence of these leading protagonists, afforded little copy for the daily press, and there were no sensational pronouncements such as those which made the previous Girton Conference notorious, and those which Dr. Major and Bishop Barnes delivered at last year's meeting, at Oxford.

There is almost a chastened tone perceptible throughout, and several speakers made it clear that the learned criticism of the Modernist position contained in the recent Anglican volume "Essays, Catholic and Critical," has not gone quite unheeded.

Professor Percy Gardner, in his paper on "The Pagan Mysteries," differs considerably from the conclusions lightly adopted by Dr. Barnes and other scholarly Modernists. He tells us frankly: "I think Fraser has gone too far in his assimilation of the Pagan Myths to the Christian drama of redemption. The Jewish religion, in its full development, stood proudly apart from all heathen myths. And Christianity is in its main features a continuation of Judaism. *There is no real parallel* to be traced between the vague and fleeting forms of Pagan Myths and the historic story of the Christian Redemption."

Again:

"It has been assumed that in the Mysteries there was a solemn meal when the votaries met together to eat some substance or some animal in which dwelt the spirit of the deity of the community. But the evidence for this is quite inadequate."

"I do not think that there is any valid proof that anything like the primitive 'eating of the God' survived into the Hellenistic civilization."

Once more:

"I think we should be sceptical as to any direct influence of the Mysteries on Christianity."

Professor Astley, writing on "Primitive Sacramentalism," follows Sir J. G. Frazer more dutifully, and Bishop Barnes will have been pleased to read the following passage—except, perhaps, for the final clause!

"When Baptism is held to produce a spiritual change *ex opere operato* and the elements in the Eucharist are supposed to be 'transubstantiated' at the word of a so-called 'priest' we enter at once on the field of magic; and when Reservation is practised, not for the sick—that is a mere blind—but for adoration and worship, we are landed in what is nothing less than fetishism and idolatry, although I yield to no one in my recognition of the deep religious feeling of those who practise it."

The Vice-Principal of Ripon Hall contributes a long paper on "Sacraments in Acts and the Pauline Epistles." Dr. Bezzant introduces his study by words which would seem to make the reading of the paper a waste of time. He says:

"No doctrinal statement can be established as true simply by a quotation from St. Paul's Epistles. If a certain doctrine appears not to have been held by him, it by no means follows that the Church of to-day is precluded from holding it; *and conversely*, if certain opinions seem to have found a place, even a prominent place, in St. Paul's thought, it does not follow from that alone that they must find a place in ours."

Dr. Douglas White, in the previous paper, had told us: "the fact is that St. Paul is our only authority for the actual institution of the Lord's Supper."

Dr. Bezzant, interpreting the words of institution, says:

"It is unlikely that the twelve would have understood, in any literal sense, that the wine was the Blood of Jesus, as it is impossible that they could have understood, in any literal sense, the bread to be His Body."

On the other hand, the "Sacramentalism of Aquinas" is very satisfactorily expounded by Archdeacon A. Lilley, and his paper reveals a real respect for the genius of the Saint which it is pleasant to meet in a Modernist publication.

We give one final quotation, from Dr. Major's introductory pages. He is contrasting the Catholic Mass with the Anglican Communion Service.

"A comparison of the two will indicate that the Roman rite is painfully sub-Christian: sub-Christian both in its conception of God and sub-Christian in its conception of sacrifice. The English rite, which we owe to that great Reformer and liturgist, Archbishop Cranmer, while it differs both from the Roman rite and the Orthodox rite, reflects in a wonderful way all that is most precious in Old and New Testament teaching."

We are in agreement with Dr. Major's last words on the Eucharist.

"The deep difference between the Roman Mass and the English Communion is not the philosophic one of transubstantiation, affirmed by Roman, denied by Anglican, *but an entirely different conception of what is done in the celebration of the Sacrament.*"

Anglo-Catholics, please note!

F.W.

II. TOPICS OF THE MONTH

Peace
except in the
Press.

It is strange but very satisfactory that there has been no "incident" in Europe during the last month such as would indicate a persistence of the war-spirit and an oblivion of the pacifying functions of the League of Nations. This does not prevent jingoistic journalists from snarling at each other from the safety of their offices, seizing on and exaggerating every symptom of ill-will, and doing nothing to show that mutual peace is a higher interest than any sectional advantage. The sensational press will be the last institution to be converted to Christian ideals

of international relations. Anonymous and irresponsible journalism remains the most abiding obstacle in the way of peace, because of its lack of conscience and its freedom from control. It still talks in terms of the old diplomacy, as if no State could prosper save at the expense of others. There have no doubt been instances of managers of the press refraining in the public interest from publishing articles calculated to excite racial passions, or refusing to use a "scoop" for the sake of international good-feeling, but we are safe in saying that that is not their habitual practice. At present French and German nationalist journals are doing their best to prevent the Locarno Pact from bearing its proper fruit, and lately French and Italian jingoes were at each other's throats, on paper, over a minor frontier incident. The only consolation is that only the half-educated take their view from the anonymous press, and that the more a partizan journal emphasizes its party colour the less becomes its influence. We may still hope that by degrees, owing to the growth of common sense and common humanity, Franco-German friendship, may become as conspicuous as in the past Franco-German hostility has been, in spite of the miscalled patriots whose pens, devoted to international politics, out-venom all the worms of Nile.

Need of educating Public Opinion in favour of Arbitration. Happily not all newspapers nor all press-men fail to see that the world must have security against war such as armaments cannot give, or else sacrifice the whole object of life in the vain

attempt to preserve it. There is a growing sense of the futility of force to settle disputes about material things which the coal dispute has done much to quicken. But that impression must be uttered and re-echoed until it definitely moulds public opinion. No speaker or writer can do greater service to humanity than by constantly urging the application of reason to every sort of quarrel and the cultivation of a genuine zeal for justice. Often quite unconsciously, we find national claims advanced which have no equitable foundation. The old claim of Britannia to rule the waves arose from the fact of her overseas possessions and the necessity of maintaining free connection with them, but it became less reasonable when other countries also acquired colonies and felt the like need of secure access to them. Nowadays to claim a *right* to naval predominance would give just umbrage to other great Powers. It is otherwise, in a world of free competition, with commercial superiority, provided it is sought and maintained by fair means, although even here a system of co-operation may ultimately be found more profitable. The recent Assembly of the League of Nations recommended the convocation "as soon as possible" of an International Economic Conference, one aim of which will surely be

the removal or mitigation of those often arbitrary and selfish interruptions of commerce called tariffs, and the control of predatory trusts and combines in the common interest.

**America
and the World
Court.**

The present Government of the United States has determined to keep out of the World Court, except on terms which would have limited the scope and authority of the Court to an intolerable degree. It claimed to withdraw from judicial discussion any question or dispute in which America had, *or said that she had*, any special interest until her consent had been obtained. No doubt in practice this veto would be rarely exercised, but in theory it would give to a particular member of the Court the power to stop its proceedings at will. The Committee which examined the American reservations were willing that the States might withhold from the Court, if they wished, any case in which they were immediately involved, but this concession did not satisfy Mr. Coolidge. Accordingly for the present the United States, the great upholder of the principle of international arbitration, holds aloof, not only from the League of Nations, but also from the most potent instrument yet devised for settling disputes by reason rather than by force. However, the President, in making this announcement, added one declaration which, if universally adopted, would do a great deal to render war unlikely. He advocated on the outbreak of hostilities the instant conscription of wealth as well as man power, so that the Government could take without compensation all that was needed to finance the war from the private fortunes of its citizens. There is nothing either in logic or in morals to bar such action. If the supreme need of the community justifies the forced sacrifice of human life, it justifies also the commandeering of human property.

**Control of
Private Armament
Firms.**

The October Assembly also resolved that an International Conference on the Control of private Armament manufacture should be summoned if possible before the meeting next year. The original Peace Treaty envisaged this control from the first, and Krupps was immediately forced to beat its swords into ploughshares, but hitherto the great armament firms in France, England and the United States have been able to stave off any investigation, and have found their profit in China and elsewhere. Peace will never be secure so long as great numbers of people in every land are financially interested in the prevalence of war. Mr. Coolidge's suggestion if carried out would lessen that number considerably, but only when war had begun; we need to remove that incentive during times of peace, and the various Governments must really nerve themselves to tackle the question. Here, as

in other matters, the active co-operation of Germany in the League will be of the greatest assistance, for Krupps is still flourishing, but not because it is making weapons of destruction. No logician can deny that the possibility of an act is proved by its performance.

The Permanent Mandates Commission and the League Council. Is the Permanent Mandates Commission of the League of Nations, the functions of which consist in receiving annually the Reports of the various Mandatories and advising the Council concerning them, the servant or the equal of the Council? It is established by Article 22 of the Covenant independently of the Council: on the other hand, the Mandates themselves, their character, limits, and degree of authority are determined by the latter. In practice the Mandatory nations represented on the Council give an annual account of their stewardship to the Mandates Commission, and then have to submit to the criticism of the Commission on the manner in which they have fulfilled their charge. Some such provision as this was required in order to emphasize the fact that the Mandatories are supposed to recognize in their powers of administration and control "a sacred trust of civilization," and to prevent their lapsing into the bad old colonial practice of subordinating the interests of the natives to the political and commercial designs of the controlling Power. We trust that the dispute which has arisen between the Council and the Mandates Commission will not be allowed to obscure the above conception, which was one of the best results of the War. But there is a danger. For the better fulfilment of its office the Commission drew up a revised and extended *questionnaire* of some 118 items, not counting subdivisions, which was submitted to the Council in September, as indicating what the Commission would like the Mandatories to include in their Reports. At the same time they suggested that on occasion representatives of the mandated territories should be allowed to state their case before the Commission instead of through the respective Mandatory. The British, French and other Mandatories on the Council took strong exception to this suggestion, and thought the *questionnaire* too inquisitorial, and there the matter for the moment rests. Some compromise will doubtless be adopted, but the dispute should not be allowed to discredit the disinterestedness of the Mandatories.

Resurgent Militarism in Germany. There are not a few points, such as the Dawes payments, the occupation of the Rhine and the Saar basin, the watch kept on the military establishment, wherein Germany for the time being must fall short of full equality with the other members of the

League. But these various discriminations are essentially temporary, and with good will their duration may be materially shortened. There is only one which all lovers of peace hope will be permanent—the demilitarized zone which fringes the Rhine frontier from Switzerland to Holland. At present this is compulsorily enforced, and only on German territory. What a grand gesture for peace would be performed if France and Belgium should, voluntarily, demilitarize a corresponding strip on their side of the frontier! A move of that sort would be such an unmistakable evidence of a purpose to outlaw war that it would give immense impetus to the idea of disarmament. After all, there is no way of keeping Germany permanently disarmed except by the general disarmament of Europe, and the longer this is delayed the harder will be the task of the Republican Reich to keep its own nationalists under control. How hard that task is now is shown by the recently revised and republished official Reichswehr Manual, which is in effect an incitement to a war of revenge and reconquest. Germany is entitled to her own view of the causes, progress and results of the war, in so far as that view is based upon fact, and she does not conceal that view in various histories and memoirs; but she has no right, especially after Locarno, to call into dispute again, in a book intended for the training of officers, the settlements which her responsible Statesmen have freely entered upon. There is not a little in the Versailles Treaty which may be profitably discussed and modified by means of the League, in accordance with Article 19 of the Covenant, but to invoke again the arbitrament of the sword is treachery to the new spirit in Europe. It is satisfactory to know that the German Government has withdrawn the offending Manual and disclaimed all direct responsibility for it, but, so long as it employs unrepentant militarists without adequate supervision in high Army commands, it will be exposed to incidents like these, the worst effect of which is to cast doubt on its good faith.

**War
Debts.**

It would help to clear the air and to foster international understanding if some one would publish a full, exact, and intelligible account of the whole question of War-Debts, showing in general what each country had borrowed and lent on business terms, what it had remitted as a bad debt, and what it had contributed—still keeping to the material plane—of its own accord and without recompense to the common cause. It is so difficult to strike an exact balance, for every country emphasizes its own contributions and ignores those of the others. Hence one is always coming across facts hitherto unknown which should be reckoned with in forming a true opinion. For instance, it appears

that, contrary to common opinion, the United States has cancelled all debts incurred by England and France to buy war materials. Moreover they had to pay enormous sums to the Allies for transport and munitions after landing. Again, they sold after the war vast quantities of stores at a low figure, and now they have frankly accepted a composition, amounting in the case of France to cancelling half the debt, from those debtors who cannot pay in full. But apart from all this they have contributed since the war about £360,000,000 in charity to impoverished Europe. Great Britain, again, has agreed to limit its repayments from all her debtors to an amount sufficient to pay her debt to America. And it would appear that France's financial straits are due to various unhappy loans of her own, notably to Russia. There is room for forbearance all round, but no room for the disgraceful spirit expressed in a recent poem by Mr. Kipling in "Debits and Credits," directed against America's supposed selfishness—a fine piece of invective like his "Hymn for Ulster," but also, like that diatribe, shot through with falseness and racial pride.

**The
Imperial Conference:
Results.**

The Times is no doubt right in calling the Report of the Committee on Inter-imperial relations adopted by the Imperial Conference on November 19th "a register of conditions as they exist already rather than a programme for the future," although there are a few suggestions of change of method. It is a frank recognition that the Commonwealth consists of widely scattered parts having very different characteristics, very different histories, and being at very different stages of evolution. Yet they have this in common, that they are "autonomous communities within the British Empire, equal in status, in no way subordinate one to another in any aspect of their domestic or external affairs, though united by a common allegiance to the Crown and freely associated as members of the British Commonwealth of Nations." And so this Commonwealth "defies classification and bears no real resemblance to any other political organization which now exists or has ever yet been tried." This recognition of political independence and of variety of history and character, will do something to reconcile to their present Government those Irishmen who have felt that the ascription to their country of "Dominion status" was derogatory to their national rights. Ireland is not, like the "Colonies," an offshoot of Great Britain, and cannot pretend to feel, like them, a filial relationship to the Mother-country. But she can, without loss of dignity, take her part in a Commonwealth to the formation of which her own children so largely contributed. The combination of so many units which, though equal politically, vary so greatly in strength

and resources, in one organization naturally suggests, according to the Report, diversity of function. It would be absurd, for instance, to assign to Newfoundland, with a quarter of a million inhabitants, the same tasks in the Commonwealth as those which Great Britain can undertake. Consequently, in questions of diplomacy and of defence "the major share of responsibility rests now and must for some time continue to rest, on his Majesty's Government in Great Britain." However, even so the ultimate line taken by each in foreign policy can only be determined by the several Parliaments of the Commonwealth. Otherwise they could not justly claim separate votes in the League of Nations.

**Collapse
of the Coal
Dispute.**

"Looking back upon the three months strike of the miners, which has reached its inevitable close—surrender under pressure of starvation—one fails to see any trace of sagacity, any real care for the common welfare, in the policy of the three sets of combatants, the miners, the mine-owners, and the Government." These words were written in this place in July, 1921, about the collapse of the Coal Dispute of that year, and they are almost as applicable to the present débâcle as they were to that. The past six years have taught the industry nothing. The crisis in 1921 was caused by the Government's withdrawal of control and guarantee, five months before it was due, in the midst of a slump, and the owners straightway locking-out their men, with the proposal to take them on again at an "economic" wage. It had been pointed out in the Sankey Report—one of those costly documents produced at the cost of the taxpayer but rarely used—that owing to there being 2,800 separate coal mines and 1,378 mine-owners including companies, this necessary commodity was being produced with much unnecessary waste, to serve in the first instance the interests of the owners, not those of the country. The waste has gone on for six years. The recommendations of the Samuel Report—a still more costly document, for the £23,000,000 subsidy was granted in order that it might be produced—that reorganization should precede wage-cuts, are lightly set aside, and at the end of this unparalleled struggle, which has impoverished all parties and caused an absolute waste of money that would have bought up the coal industry several times over, the state of the industry is worse than it ever was.¹ "Never was there an instance of a more lamentable breakdown in British common sense than has occurred in the two branches of a highly-organized British industry," said Mr. Churchill on Nov. 1st, and the Prime Minister echoed his words at the Mansion House on

¹ The Home Secretary says the Coal Dispute has already cost the country more than the Boer War. Estimates of loss amounting to between four and five million pounds are made by competent authorities.

Nov. 9th: "The stoppage in the coal-industry, prolonged for six months, is another monument to human folly." But when lack of common sense and human folly are playing ducks and drakes with an industry essential to national prosperity, it is surely the business of the national authority to interfere. What else is the Government for but to protect the whole community from the injurious action of its components? We can understand the Prime Minister's patience being sorely tried by the folly and ineptitude he encountered on both sides, but we cannot understand the disclaiming of responsibility implied in his declaration in the House—"It is not for the Government to advise the contending parties how they should settle what is and must remain an industrial dispute of the first magnitude." As if an industrial dispute of the first magnitude could be carried on without a terrible loss to the country! As if the issue of the Samuel Report by the Government, and the promise to implement it, had not been giving very minute advice to the contending parties! One cannot help thinking that the Government did not like the Report and was willing to have it disregarded. The loss of prestige it has suffered may partly be gauged by Labour's net gain of 146 seats at the municipal elections.

**The Task of
the Christian in
Social Affairs.**

Our interest as Christians in these questions of economics is the same that we feel towards international disputes. It is unChristian to pursue selfish interests to the detriment of the general well-being, whether of the world at large or of some national community. It should be no more within the power of mine-owners and mine-workers to declare war upon one another without referring their dispute in the first instance to the common authority that it is for separate members of the League of Nations to fall to arms, without first fulfilling their obligations to the League as a whole. And Christian principle compels one to reunite as soon as possible the two sciences of ethics and economics which the godless Manchester school disastrously separated, or at least to protest when the requirements of economics are urged as a reason for refusing the demands of humanity. In this business of coal-mining Christianity demands that the first charge on an industry is the decent support of those who carry it on, and that the law should protect from exploitation those who are too weak to protect themselves. The so-called "iron laws" of economics are much more tractable to human intelligence than the laws of nature, which nevertheless man can sway to serve his interests. In face of materialistic pessimism, which is often a cloak for inaction, the Catholic should continue to proclaim that industrial relations are subject like every other to the moral law. We should thus be returning to the

practice of Catholic times. As Mr. Tawney remarks—"The criticism which dismisses the concern of Churches with economic relations and social organization as a modern innovation finds little support in past history."¹ It is modern paganism, aptly voiced by A.A.B. in *The Evening Standard* (Nov. 23rd), by his dictum that "so far as political economy is a science, it does not recognize ethics," that the Christian has to contend against. Now more than ever is it necessary to plead for a living wage and to advocate measures which will cure the present mal-distribution of the country's wealth. We venture to solicit in this regard a benevolent consideration of Mr. G. K. Chesterton's "Distributist League," the aim of which might be expressed by Pope Leo's declaration—"The law, therefore, should favour ownership, and its policy should be to induce as many as possible of the lower classes to become owners."

**"The Month"
misinterpreted.**

A good instance of "a half-truth being ever the worst of lies" is afforded by an allusion to this periodical by a certain anti-Catholic writer in the current *National Review*. In the course of a paper on the Mexican situation, which a host of bigots are exploiting to their own assumed advantage, the writer, a Mr. H. Stutfield, asserts that "a singularly informative article in THE MONTH deplores the licentiousness of the Mexican priests." Whilst accepting the truth of the description of the article, which is the work of an actual resident in Mexico, we must characterize the rest of the sentence as grossly misleading. What THE MONTH writer said, after showing how the Mexican Government by interfering with the ecclesiastical seminaries had brought it about that some priests were "prematurely assigned to the care of souls who had neither the training nor the character nor the energy for this mission," was—"the morality of the secular clergy scattered throughout the country and remote from episcopal control, the same control frequently broken by the flight and absence of persecuted prelates, has left much to be desired"—a carefully-guarded statement, implicitly no doubt deploring the evil where it exists but at the same time limiting its range to remote country districts where ecclesiastical government is practically in abeyance owing to anti-Catholic persecution. It suits Mr. Stutfield to speak well of the article whilst twisting its meaning to a universal indictment of the Mexican clergy at the present time. These are controversial methods with which we are unhappily well acquainted. Those who possess a file of THE MONTH may find some reflections on them in "A Type of Protestant Mentality" (Feb. 1920, p. 166) and "An English Mischief-

¹ "Religion and the Rise of Capitalism" (1926).

Maker,"¹ by Father Vassall-Phillips, C.S.S.R. (October, 1921, p. 315). And, we may add, experience also shows that such methods seem to find congenial harbourage in the *National Review*.

**The Meaning of
Nullity
Declarations.**

The latent hostility towards the Church entertained by a world which denies her divine institution, found remarkable if not very consistent expression when the Roman Rota—a

Court which deals with matrimonial cases—confirmed the nullity declaration pronounced in favour of the Duke of Marlborough by a Southwark diocesan tribunal. The world which is all in favour of the dissolution of actual marriage-bonds by State authority pretended to be shocked by an ecclesiastical declaration that a certain putative marriage had never been a real one. "Does marriage mean anything at all?" asks the *Saturday Review*, in an exceptionally confused paragraph, astonished that the declaration of nullity had been pronounced so long after the supposed marriage, and then, proceeding insolently to equivate Rome with Moscow. But if the impediment was there from the start and had never been removed, what has the element of time to do with it? Supposing brother and sister had unwittingly married and later discovered their relationship, would not their union be declared null, however long it had lasted? The omniscient editor, with no knowledge of the facts as they came before the Court, does not hesitate to decide that there was originally no impediment to validity, and that the decree was granted in order to secure a ducal convert! Such offensiveness shows neither manners nor common sense. Regarding the *soi-disant* Catholic who appears in the press on these occasions, and who, through ignorance of his faith, declares himself "bewildered" by the simple doctrine of diriment impediments, we have nothing to say. His *mala fides* is evident, for if he really wanted information he could get it readily at the nearest presbytery. Several Protestant clergymen, on the other hand, professed to find in the doctrine thus applied a blow to the stability of Christian marriage and, strangely enough, an insult to the Protestant religion. Such is the opinion, as reported, of the Bishop of New York, and the Bishop of Ripon, who ought to know better, followed suit at the Church Assembly. A Church which does not scruple to recognize divorce *a vinculo* declared by the civil power, which in its formulas does not even regard marriage as a Sacrament, surely should be ashamed at this date to pose as a defender of matrimony. The Catholic Church alone upholds the indissolubility of the marriage bond once it has been established, and, as a consequence, she is consistently careful to determine whether it has been established, when the fact is disputed. The implication

¹ Since reprinted with the title "The Methods of a Fanatic" by the C.T.S. and showing Mr. Stutfield's utter incapacity for understanding Catholic morality.

of *The Times*,¹ that, whereas her doctrine was before doubtful, now we know where we stand, insinuates without warrant that some hidden Roman practice, inconsistent with that doctrine, has in this instance come to light, and its further comment "that there is apparently nothing whatever to prevent any man or woman from discovering that his or her feelings thirty years ago rendered their so-called marriage untrue, and from taking successful steps to have it wiped out," shows an equal ignorance of the proceedings of the ecclesiastical marriage-courts. Happily the authoritative letters of Mgr. Canon Moyes and others in its pages have removed any further excuse for such ignorance, which the correspondence showed to be very widespread. The whole pothor is inspired, as we have said, by the non-Catholic becoming aware, not for the first time, of the existence of a power which is independent, in its own sphere, of the State and which gives its decisions without asking the world's leave; and the net result should be, both amongst Catholics and non-Catholics, a clearer understanding of the law of Christian marriage.

**Intemperance
in the
House of Commons.**

The excitement aroused in the House of Commons lately because one of its members declared to an outside audience that there were frequent lapses from sobriety in its precincts would certainly have been impossible a hundred years ago. It is a tribute to a raised ideal of temperance from men avowedly frail in its practice. For it was noticeable that none of those who stood up to defend Parliament did so on the grounds that the censures were untrue: all that they could do was to assert that things were much better than they used to be, and that the accusation was somewhat exaggerated. It would have been much better for the dignity of the House if the matter had been ignored. Those six hundred odd gentlemen are probably no better and no worse in that respect than any six hundred fortuitously collected anywhere else. The sentiment that suggests that because of their exalted and representative position they ought to be better than the rest of the community is a worthy one, but it ascribes to the average M.P. a moral dignity which he would be the last to claim. After all, the House of Commons claims to be "the best club in London," and when, during the war, the rest of the Royal Palaces by command of the King went "dry," this particular Royal Palace refused to forego the privilege of "wetness."

**Ireland's Efforts
to Suppress
Evil Literature.**

The Free State, as is known, has set up an Evil Literature Commission to determine the extent to which literary moral garbage is conveyed into the country and how it can best be kept out. In the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record* for October and November

¹ Leader: Nov. 18, 1926.

there is a most illuminating discussion of the subject from the pen of Father Devane, S.J., one of the witnesses before the Commission, which brings together a great amount of evidence as to the prevalence of the evil and provides useful statistics. Legislation has plenty of precedent in the practice of Canada which publishes a black list of no less than one hundred journals debarred from passing its Customs. The bulk of these (78) are American, but there are ten British and eight French periodicals included. Canada also bans all literature dealing with contraception. The debates on Sir Evelyn Cecil's Bill to exclude certain objectionable matter from the press are quoted by Father Devane to show how widespread the evil is in England and how necessary legislation has become. We hope the Irish Parliament will not be deterred by the clamour of the "emancipated," who are numerous in Ireland itself, from passing a stringent measure to exclude indecent literature. The case is exactly on a par with that of the cinema. Public opinion needs the support of legislation. The agents of evil, the apostles of "free morality," will always go as far as the police will let them or further. Innumerable are the pleas for licence. Of a recent version of Benvenuto's autobiography an English critic complains—"it is bowdlerized like all the rest. Will there ever come a day when we shall be allowed the whole of our Benvenuto unmutilated?" In other words—"why should not the filth which I have read and relished in the original be spread abroad for the delectation of everybody?" We have never understood the argument that obscenity becomes less offensive because ancient or "classic," yet it is one constantly implied by the free-thinker.

**The Mexican
Persecution :
Catholic Protests.**

There seems to be no change for the better in Mexico. A Government which is copying in nearly every detail the anti-Christian Government of Russia does not meet from the secular Press with the condemnation, voluble and sustained, which the Soviets received, because it is mainly directed against Catholicism. It has been left almost altogether to the Catholic Press in America and elsewhere to vindicate Christian civilization from the assaults of an atheistic communism. It is not Catholic doctrine and practices which are in question, but elementary human rights, which are being abrogated by an unprincipled military despotism. The Knights of Columbus in the States are taking the lead in protesting against this iniquitous persecution, and the October issue of *Columbia* (Newhaven, Conn.: 10c.) is devoted to an exposure of the aims and methods of the tyrants. Incidentally the partial responsibility of past U.S. Governments for the present usurpation of power by President Calles is fearlessly set forth, and a small pamphlet, called *Red Mexico: the*

Facts, compiled mainly from non-Catholic sources, is offered for free distribution by the Knights. There have been protests from Catholic France, and Catholics in England have also expressed their abhorrence of the Mexican outrages on religion and liberty. But only the United States can bring home to the tyrants that their policy is the negation of just government: not by armed intervention but by moral reprobation and material boycott. America beyond all other civilized Powers has shown reluctance to give the least recognition to Soviet Russia, yet when an identical tyranny is established on her borders, she displays remarkable tolerance. Incidentally we may note that the accusation against the Mexican Church in the days of its power before 1857—that it had grown over-rich—is partially explained by the fact that it held in trust for the inhabitants the common lands of the Indian villages, so that they might not be alienated,¹ as they actually were, when the Church's property was seized in 1857, and she was reduced to her present indigence.

**Prohibition
tried and
found wanting.**

The recent reversal of Norway's Prohibition policy on October 18th suggested a remarkable leader in *The Times* for October 21st, wherein the writer set forth with much cogency what is practically the Catholic attitude towards sumptuary legislation of this sort. "There is no use in legislating," the writer says,

above the standards of the population whom it is proposed to elevate. When the generality of a nation are ready to submit to special restrictions upon their private liberty of choice, and are convinced that they have a moral right to over-ride this liberty in their fellow-citizens, they may be able to enforce their will upon a reluctant and unconvinced minority. They may do so at a price, but at a price which is not without detriment to themselves or to those upon whom they impose an unwilling obedience. But unless the majority is overwhelming, or the minority is but half-hearted and doubts its moral right to resist, legislation of this nature is bound to be ineffective for its end and pernicious in its operation.

Despotism, that is, begets lawlessness, when liberty is unwarrantably restricted. The moral is drawn from the experience of Norway, but the writer without any doubt had the United States in his mind. The warning is not superfluous here. The United Kingdom Alliance is pledged to Prohibition but has declared its intention to proceed by Local Option. Mr. Leif-Jones, speaking in Manchester on October 22nd, declared Local Option to be merely a means to an end, which was total Prohibition. This declaration will make it increasingly difficult for Catholics, who

¹ See an illuminating article in *Catholic Truth*, Sept.—Oct., by M.C. Hollis.

think more efficient control of the Drink Trade necessary, to co-operate with those who, explicitly or implicitly, are aiming at the goal of Prohibition. The growing ill-success of that measure to put down intemperance is made evident by statistics published by the Moderation League of New York, which record the singular fact that drunkenness has increased, in comparison with 1914, more in States that were dry before nation-wide prohibition than in those which were wet.

THE EDITOR.

III. NOTES ON THE PRESS

[A summary survey of current periodicals with a view to recording useful articles which 1) expound Catholic doctrine and practice, 2) expose heresy and bigotry, and 3) are of general Catholic interest.]

CATHOLIC DOCTRINE AND PRACTICE.

Bible; The Church has never kept it from the laity [Rev. Professor McQuillan in *Glasgow Observer*, Nov. 27, 1926, p. 4].

"Birth Control" wrong under every aspect [Rev. T. E. Flynn, Ph.D. in *Catholic Medical Guardian*, Oct. 1926, p. 155].

Eucharist, Bishop Macdonald's views on, adversely criticized [Rev. J. B. Brosnan in *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, Nov. 1926, p. 507]; Rev. J. B. Brosnan's views adversely criticized [Bishop Macdonald in the *Ecclesiastical Review*, Nov. 1926, p. 54].

Marriage-Bond, The [E. R. Hull, S.J., in *Examiner*, Nov. 6, 13, 1926, p. 546].

Mutilation to prevent the "unfit" morally unlawful [H. Davis, S.J., in *Catholic Medical Guardian*, Oct. 1926, p. 160].

Patriotism [E. Cahill, S.J., in *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, Nov. 1926, p. 431].

POINTS OF CATHOLIC INTEREST.

"Action Française" Why condemned? [Denis Gwynn in *Blackfriars*, Nov. 1926, p. 679; *Catholic Bulletin*, Nov. 1926, p. 1179].

Anglican Position, Absurdity of [*Tablet*, Oct. 30, 1926, p. 565].

Anti-Catholic journalism exposed [*Tablet*, Nov. 27, 1926, p. 709; *Catholic Times*, Nov. 26, 1926, p. 15].

Evil Literature, State Prohibition of [R. S. Devane, S.J., in *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, Nov. 1926, p. 449].

Marriage, Muddled non-Catholic views on [*Tablet*, Nov. 20, 27, 1926, pp. 673-709; C. D. in *Glasgow Observer*, Nov. 27, 1926, p. 3].

South American Clergy, Slanders against [C. Dainese, S.J., in *Catholic Times*, Nov. 12, 1926, p. 5].

CATHOLIC DEFENCE.

Chaldean Catholics, Present state of [Mgr. Ross in *Tablet*, Nov. 20, 1926, p. 693].

Eastern Uniat Liturgies [Canon Myers in *Tablet*, Oct. 28, 1926, p. 5].

Malthus, The inhumanity of Parson [M. A. Standish in *Blackfriars*, Nov. 1926, p. 700].

Peace-Principles, Catholic ignorance of [J. A. Ryan, D.D., in *Catholic World*, Nov. 1926, p. 209].

Unity with the East, Benedictine work for [Dom L. Beauduin in *Pax* Autumn, p. 208].

REVIEWS

I—THE APPROACH TO CHRISTIANITY¹

IF praise is due to the author of *The Approach to Christianity* for the purpose which has animated his labours, we cannot refrain from an emphatic rejection of his methods and the result which he has achieved. A defence of Christianity is always well-timed; but it cannot be solidly built on the subjective principles which we find in this book. It is all to the good that the author does not believe that the issue between orthodoxy and modernism has already been settled in favour of the latter; but his attempt to reach "a synthesis between the old and the new in the ordinary life and thought of the Church" (Preface, p. viii.), exhibits but another example of modernistic apologetic.

The first three chapters are concerned with the argument from religious experience as grounds of belief. While admitting the value of such argument within certain limits we differ from the author in his attempt to reduce all religion to such experience. In these pages Christianity as a definite doctrine, safeguarded and explained by a living authority, simply vanishes.

Chapters iv. to vii. are more definitely theological; they deal with "The Christ of History," "The Atonement," "The Risen and Ascended Lord," and "The Supernatural Basis of Christian Character." The best of these chapters is the first; the author argues for the identification of the "Jesus of History" and the "Christ of Faith," and finds this identification explicitly and indisputably present in the mind of St. Paul. He also admits the reality of the resurrection.

In chapter viii. we have an apologia of Anglican theology. The cover of the book describes it as "a defence of Christianity from the *Catholic* standpoint." Elsewhere he seems to be concerned with what he calls *Anglo-Catholic* religion. The last sentence of the chapter refers to "that proportion of faith which is distinctive of the *Church of England*"!! It is really impossible to form a judgment on the author's position if he himself does not enable us to be quite sure as to what he is discussing. It seems to us that he has spread his net so wide as to embrace all outstanding forms of religion in England—excluding of course that which looks to Rome. His defence of this heterogeneous mass is so nebulous that we do not think it will convince anybody.

¹ By Edward Gordon Selwyn, B.D. London: Longmans, Green and Co., Ltd. Pp. xv. 286. Price, 10s. 6d. net. 1925.

2—A "SOURCE-BOOK" OF EARLY ENGLISH HISTORY¹

THERE is no volume in Messrs. Longman's excellent series of Source-Books of History which seems to us better conceived or more skilfully executed than this manual which Professor R. W. Chambers has prepared for the period of our history which terminates with the Norman Conquest. No doubt it demands on the part of the student who is to use it profitably a certain general acquaintance with the outline of events during the centuries dealt with, but that much, we may take it, has already been furnished by his ordinary school education. On the other hand any reader thus equipped will find in this volume of moderate compass almost all that is needful to bring him into intimate contact with the ultimate sources of our knowledge. We would go so far as to say that the student who masters this will be in a better position to understand the institutions, the social life and the political problems of our Anglo-Saxon forefathers than if he had read through the five volumes of Freeman's "Norman Conquest," the monographs of J. R. Green and the "Anglo-Saxons," of Kemble. Here you have the bed-rock of historical fact, or at any rate so much of the ultimate authorities as any student can be expected, or is likely to be able, to retain as a foundation for further specialized research. No doubt Professor Chambers' task has in some sense been made easy for him in that the materials available for this period are relatively scanty. Gildas, Bede, the Chronicle, Asser, the Laws and a few of the "Chronica Minora," such as Mommsen has edited for the M.G.H., must necessarily provide the bulk of his citations, but no one can accuse the compiler of confining his explorations within narrow and threadbare limits. We have been particularly delighted to discover that he has translated a long passage from the sermon of Archbishop Wulfstan, which gives such an extraordinarily vivid picture of the terrible conditions prevailing during the reign of Æthelred the Unready. Moreover, many out-of-the-way sidelights have been judiciously incorporated from Scandinavian sources, from Alfred's prefaces, and from hagiographical documents, etc., which all serve to complete the picture. Professor Chambers himself deplores the absence of any adequate summary of the archæological evidence available, but he has not entirely neglected the data to be derived from this source. His own more immediate contributions to the subject in the form of a discussion of moot points—*e.g.*, the Chronicle, the problem of King Arthur, the value of Nennius and Gildas, the Northumbrian *Gesta*, etc., are admirable, both for their sobriety of judgment and their conciseness. There is a good index, but we

¹ *England before the Norman Conquest*, by R. W. Chambers, M.A., D.Litt., with a foreword on Roman Britain by M. Cary, D.Litt. Longmans & Co., Pp. xxvi, 334. Price 10s. 6d. net. 1926.

rather regret that there is no detailed table of contents, indicating in some tabular form the various sources which have been laid under contribution and from which passages of some length have been translated.

3—BISHOP STEPHEN GARDINER¹

IN this age of biographies it is certainly surprising that no one has previously attempted to do justice to the remarkable and interesting career of a man who played so great a part in Reformation history as Stephen Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester. This lacuna has now been adequately supplied by Dr. J. A. Muller, who, though holding a professorship in the United States, has found opportunity to make a very thorough investigation of the original materials in this country which bear upon his subject. Many of these documents, especially those subsequent to the death of Henry VIII, have attracted little attention, and, from a historical point of view, Professor Muller's temperate and conscientious study of the intricate tangle of events is a work of permanent value. Gardiner is not exactly a hero about whom one can grow enthusiastic, but our author writes sympathetically and at the same time without any obvious bias in the direction either of blame or panegyric. He quotes freely, but on the whole judiciously, from Gardiner's letters, and has evidently taken immense pains to acquaint himself not only with the manuscript evidence, but also with the modern literature bearing on the reigns of Henry VIII, Edward VI and Mary. The only serious omission we have noticed in his ample bibliography is his failure to take account of any of the works of the late Father Bridgett, notably his "Thomas More," "Bishop Fisher," and "Blunders and Forgeries." From the point of view of its literary presentment, Professor Muller's book is not very easy reading. His style seems to us to be rather jerky and spasmodic, with the result that the narrative does not carry the reader along. His statements of fact are most conscientiously documented, though the relegation of all references and notes to the end of the volume is likely to lead to their being overlooked by the majority of readers. On the other hand we gather that the author must have read his proofs rather carelessly. The substitution of the word *hospito* for *hospitio* jars considerably upon the nerves in a pentameter line (p. 258), and such oversights as "Ego exivi sed non dum flevi amare" (p. 292), "pulverem pulveri et sinerem sineri" (p. 295), "impositio manum" (p. 104), and "il est morte" twice repeated on p. 119, can hardly be excused on the plea that perhaps the writers so spelt them, when we learn from a prefatory note that "in

¹ *Stephen Gardiner and the Tudor Reaction*, by James Arthur Muller, Ph.D. London, S.P.C.K. Pp. xvi, 430. Price 15s. net. 1926.

quotations from sixteenth century books and documents the spelling, except of obsolete or unusual words, is modernized." But these are trivial blemishes, and Professor Muller deserves the thanks of all students of the period for his judicious and painstaking discharge of a by no means easy task.

4—MEDIÆVAL PHILOSOPHY¹

DR. MESSENGER has now completed his translation of Prof. Maurice de Wulf's *Histoire de Philosophie Médiévale*. The second volume, now before us, covers the period from St. Thomas to the sixteenth century. As in the first volume, there is a good deal of useful bibliographical information, in addition to the biographies, expositions and criticisms of the various writers. In our review of Vol. I a few months ago, we touched upon some points in which we took the liberty of dissenting from M. de Wulf's estimates. The existence of a quasi-conspiracy against Scholasticism throughout the Middle Ages—an underground, anti-scholastic current of thought—is one of the author's favourite theses, which reappears in this volume. We repeat our protest against what we think an unproved assumption. The latter part of the present volume tapers off rather disappointingly. M. de Wulf clearly knows little at first hand of the scholasticism of the Reformation and post-Reformation period. His treatment of this important period suggests that his interest in it is proportionately slight. It would have been better to have stopped at the fifteenth century than to have given to the world such a very scrappy account of the sixteenth and seventeenth; the fact is, as Mr. Gilson has remarked, these periods have not yet found their historian, so far as scholastic philosophy is concerned. The conventional account—and such emphatically is M. de Wulf's narrative—treats them as little more than either a decadence, or a mere parenthesis, suddenly opened and abruptly closed. Here is M. de Wulf's summing up, on the last page of his book: "The Scholastics of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries allowed the doctrinal patrimony of the thirteenth century to dwindle away . . . Scholasticism itself survived in spite of the blunders of those who upheld it . . . There was an attempt to restore it in the sixteenth century which was not without success. Other attempts followed with varying fortunes." On this, we would remark; first, that this alleged dwindling of the scholastic patrimony is a very vague affair. It may only mean that developments were taking place which the author does not like. Scholasticism lost its freshness, as all things human are liable to do. Secondly, even without any internal decay, there were influences at work which made a continuance of

¹ *History of Mediæval Philosophy*, by Maurice de Wulf, Ph.D. Vol. II., translated by Ernest C. Messenger, Ph.D. London: Longmans. Pp. xii. 336. Price, 12s. 6d. net.

the mediæval supremacy of scholasticism a sheer impossibility. We refer, of course, to the break up at this period of the triple unity of European culture—the unity of language, the unity of faith, and the unity of learning. A Europe which had lost its religious unity, could most assuredly never have been united in philosophy. The philosophic chaos is as much and as inevitably the outcome of the Reformation, as the chaos of religious sects. The rich and multifarious development of modern languages and literature, again, was like a new spiritual Babel and dispersion of the nations; while the specialization of studies, according to the exigences of modern inductive sciences, introduced a new principle of division in the human intellect. It was the age of individualism; the age of the specialist, the nationalist, the heretic. The *philosophia perennis* was bound, in such an age, to suffer eclipse. Its very *perennitas* condemned it. St. Thomas himself, it may safely be affirmed, could not have dominated that Protestant age. It is with facts like these in mind that the fifteenth, sixteenth and seventeenth centuries are to be judged.

The translator is to be congratulated on his work; but a number of misprints disfigure both volumes.

SHORT NOTICES.

SCRIPTURAL.

THIS year Prof. Causse, of the faculty of Protestant theology in the University of Strasburg, has published a volume upon the ancient biblical songs (*Les plus vieux chants de la Bible*: Paris, Alcan, 15 fr.). Together with this we may notice the first volume of *I Canti Divini*, by Father Tricerra, O.P. (Marietti: 20 l.), which also offers us the oldest chants of Holy Scripture, together with many of the psalms; the present volume contains the general introduction, and the other volume is announced to appear soon. The interest of the French writer appears to lie chiefly in the literary development as a feature of religious evolution. With the settlement in Canaan, for example, Hebrew poetry is said to leave behind *la phase folklorique* and to begin its literary development; and a corresponding change is suggested in the conception of God, who from being the God of Sinai and storm becomes a kind of rural *seigneur* (pp. 27—28). Professor Causse pushes his argument too far for us to bear him company; still, we may remark that his insistence (as in the Preface) upon the primitive and traditional character of the early songs, and consequent protest against late dating, marks a profitable reaction against some of the excesses of an unreal and cynical criticism.

Father Tricerra, upon the other hand, is chiefly concerned to bring out the literary excellence of the *Canti Divini*, a purpose which he accomplishes not least by his own admirable translation. He prefixes a short

introduction to each psalm or canticle, and adds a few notes at the end, keeping in view the general Catholic reader rather than the scholar. He quotes many biblical authorities, and offers good literary illustrations. Perhaps he is a little too enthusiastic at times, for example, in all that he finds expressed in the *Dixit Dominus* (p. 167); he translates accurately as a rule, but a little judicious textual criticism would doubtless have changed in *sacri adornamenti* in the same psalm to the *in montibus sanctis* of St. Jerome's translation from the Hebrew. Professor Causse, it may be remarked, has occasion to quote this psalm (p. 161), but apparently gives up the difficult third verse in despair.

PHILOSOPHY.

Giovanni Gentile, the Minister of Education in Signor Mussolini's Government, is also notable as one of the ablest leaders in the revival of Idealism in Italian philosophy. One or two of his books have been translated into English, but it can hardly be said that he has yet found an interpreter in this country. The article on his philosophy in the recently-published volumes of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, for example, is singularly obscure and difficult. Meanwhile, in his own country, Gentile's philosophy continues to be studied and discussed. Fr. E. Chiocchetti, O.F.M., has brought out a full-length study of it (*La Filosofia di Giovanni Gentile*: Milan, 15 l.), a painstaking and scholarly work, covering the whole ground of Gentile's speculative activity. In fact, the completeness of the review gives the work something of a *post mortem* look. Gentile is not dead yet; he is in the early prime of life, and may well have another twenty years of productiveness before him. Yet here we have his whole mind displayed and tabulated before us on every conceivable subject—metaphysics, ethics, politics, jurisprudence, pedagogy, etc., etc. There is no writer in this country, since the death of Herbert Spencer, at all events, of comparable range. Fr. Chiocchetti, though necessarily critical of the philosophy as a whole, yet writes with admiration of the earnest striving after truth that inspires it. Indeed, he is not afraid to hold up Gentile and Croce as models for Catholic thinkers, not as regards either their conclusions or their premisses, but for the thoroughness and sincerity of their work. The kindly and generous tone of the book is one of its most attractive features.

MORAL PHILOSOPHY.

Out of lectures delivered by the author to members of the Catholic Labour College at Oxford has sprung *A Primer of Moral Philosophy* (Catholic Social Guild: 2s. 6d. post free) by the Rev. Henry Keane, S.J., M.A., late Master of Campion Hall. It is a book which will be found of immense use to those who wish to find, briefly yet clearly presented, the principles which underlie all right thinking about the end of existence, the source of moral obligations, human rights and duties, and the foundation of human society. In general, it eschews controversy, although in stating right principles, those that are unsound are implicitly rejected. We hope that the book will be widely used in the upper classes of our schools and colleges, for what it conveys must enter into the substance of all real religious education.

DEVOTIONAL.

Father Raoul Plus' latest little treatise, competently translated by Miss Irene Hernaman, **How to Pray Always** (B.O. and W.: 2s. 6d.), will interest the vast multitude who find a difficulty in praying even occasionally and perhaps show them why they don't succeed, viz., by lack of that remote preparation for prayer which consists in remembering Him out of prayer time.

The spiritual benefits of the exercise of the presence of God are admirably drawn out in a treatise called **From Holy Communion to the Blessed Trinity** (Sands: 2s. 6d. n.), translated from the French of Père M. V. Bernadot, O.P., by Dom F. Izard, O.S.B. And the means, as the title suggests, is the realization of our being one body with Christ as the result of frequent and fervent communion.

The issue of the C.T.S. shilling Missal has given a great impetus to liturgical devotion, which will be continued and increased by the appearance of another marvellously cheap selection of Mass offices, called **My Missal** (Herder: cloth, 1s. 6d., higher prices according to binding), and issued under the skilled direction of Abbot Cabrol, O.S.B. It contains the Masses for days of obligation and for the major feasts of the year. We prophesy great popularity for this book as a Christmas present.

Beautifully printed with large margins is Mr. Gerald Howe's **Examples of San Bernardino** (10s. 6d. n.), selected by Ada Harrison, and illustrated with wood-engravings by Robert Austin. The "Examples" are moral stories told by the Saint in his sermons, depicting faithfully the simplicity of the times and the saint's great zeal and sense of humour. A capital gift book.

The vindication of Christ's Kingship over the hearts of men individually and collectively, which Pope Pius XI. formally asserted last December, has called into being a great number of books devoted to setting forth the implications of our Lord's claim. Of these, one of the most excellent is Father Henry Wood's **Jesus Christ, the Exiled King** (Herder: 9s. n.). Father Wood sketches the gradual establishment of the visible kingdom based on the redemptive Incarnation of the Son of God, and the civilizing effects of Christianity in the world. These were checked by the infamy of the Reformation which, aiming at disrupting the kingdom, had logically to reject the King. But the Church continues her witness to Christ in spite of the powers of Hell, and attracts to herself all those who, in spite sometimes of their formal creed, retain their love for Him. An inspiring, scholarly and stimulating book.

Christ the King (Sands: 3s. 6d. n.), by a Sister of Notre Dame, is not a philosophical explanation of the doctrine of Christ's royalty, but a simply-told sketch of our Lord's Life on earth, showing how, in spite of its obvious Humanity, it was also essentially Divine. He walked this earth as its master: the winds and the sea and all the forces of Nature obeyed Him: the hearts of men of good-will became His at a word or a glance. But He did not rule as a despot: He did not compel men's allegiance; only those that willed followed Him, as it is to this day. The Royalty of Christ shines forth from this skilful recasting of the Gospel narrative.

We regret that we could not notice earlier the very complete dissertation on **The Kingship of Our Lord Jesus Christ** (B. O. & W.: 1s.) which the Rev. Dr. G. D. Smith issued in time for the Feast. It comprises the Encyclical of Pope Pius XI. establishing the Feast, the Mass of the Feast in Latin and English, and a series of chapters expounding the nature and scope of the Kingdom. The Kingdom abides, though it is celebrated only periodically, and so the book will be always in season.

Father J. D. McElhone, C.S.C., has composed a singularly fresh book of meditations, which he calls **Following the Divine Model** (Herder: 9s. n.). It is not, as might be thought, an analysis of our Lord's life, but a study of the Christian virtues and of the obstacles to Christian perfection, drawn out in much detail. The method is the traditional one—preludes, considerations, affections, etc., but the treatment is somewhat original.

There is little danger, in the Catholic Church, in reviving old books of ascetic training, for, though the form may be different, the substance is always the same, being drawn from the same source, the Life of our Lord, as interpreted by Christian tradition. Thus Messrs. Burns, Oates and Washbourne, in their "Orchard Books," will find an appreciative public to-day, though the volumes are mainly concerned with ancient masterpieces. Amongst the latest is **The Practice of the Presence of God** (2s. 6d. and 5s.), the work of Blessed Lawrence, a Carmelite, who lived from 1611 to 1691, adequately translated by Mr. Donald Attwater.

No. 10 in the series, **The Mirror of the Blessed Life of Jesus Christ**, by Nicholas Love, a Carthusian, of Yorkshire, dates from the early fifteenth century, a forerunner of those innumerable meditation books which draw their inspiration from the Life of our life. It is edited with an introduction by a Monk of Parkminster, and is priced at 5s. and 7s. 6d.

Translated from the Italian of Father Boero, S.J., into vigorous and idiomatic English by Mr. V. P. Coelho, of Calicut, **The Vocation of St. Aloysius Gonzaga: a drama in three acts** (Menezes: Mangalore, 2s.), is a fairly successful specimen of a very difficult *genre*—the play with a religious moral. The piety is not too emphasized, and a foil is aptly provided in the characters of other members of the Saint's family.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

Pending the appearance of a full-dress biography, M. G. Goyau has produced, in **Cardinal Mercier** (Longmans: 3s. 6d. n.), a satisfying account of the life and work of the great teacher and patriot, tracing his influence first, in the sphere of pure philosophy, and then on the political stage when the hour of his country's dire need called him from his clerical duties to the post of national leader. The British public knows that part of the Cardinal's activities, but it does not know of the life of prayer and zeal and study which preceded them. What they learn here of the Cardinal will show the judicious that it was not the crisis that made him a hero, although it afforded a platform for the exhibition of his qualities. His was a noble life, though lived in a seminary and confined to a single ecclesiastical province, long before the invader set foot in his country and threw a searchlight upon his

episcopal chair. The sketch is slight, though for the moment adequate. Nothing is said about the Cardinal's labours in the cause of Christian unity, but this omission is partially supplied by Lord Halifax's preface, which contains a long letter addressed by the Cardinal to the Archbishop of Canterbury about the results of the Malines conversations—a letter which abundantly reveals his hopeful and generous nature, but shows an inadequate comprehension of the Protean entity with which he was dealing, or of the motives which inspire the English Catholic attitude on the subject. It will be of extreme interest to know, when the *compte rendu* of "Malines" is published, what precise advance in mutual intelligence and agreement was effected.

The flourishing religious institute of The Sisters of St. Louis, which has its mother-house in Monaghan, and holds high rank amongst educational bodies in Ireland, has been well advised in publishing *The Origin of the Sisters of St. Louis* (Browne and Nolan), with details of the life of their founder, the Abbé Bautain. The basis of the work is the *Memoirs* of the Abbé de Régny, which appeared in French after his subject's death in 1867. The Abbé Bautain was an original thinker, whose opinions are still discussed in seminaries, and a full account is given in the book of the trials to which his theological views exposed him. But his main work was the foundation, in 1842, of a religious Congregation—the Society of St. Louis, comprising priests and religious women devoted to Christian education. The Fathers of St. Louis did not long survive as a Congregation, but the Sisters flourished as diocesan institutions, and were established in Ireland in 1859 as an independent branch. Since then they have expanded into some fourteen establishments in Ireland and England, illustrations of several of which adorn the volume.

HISTORICAL.

Father O. M. Premoli has done a useful work in his *Storia Ecclesiastica Contemporanea* (1900—1925). The price is 25 lire, which strikes us as remarkably cheap. The publisher is Marietti, Turin. Nothing of the kind, so far as we know, exists in English, and yet as a work of reference, such a history possesses high value. We have first a sketch of the last four Pontificates, from Leo XIII. to Pius X.; then a detailed narrative of the history of Catholicism in every land. So far as we are competent to check it, the story is accurately told. There is a good bibliography and an index of proper names, which makes reference easy. A good deal of industry has gone to the making of this book.

Professor E. Montet, of Geneva, has provided a clever summary of Old Testament history, written from a severely secular standpoint, in his *Histoire du Peuple d'Israel* (Payot: pp. 196. Price, 20.00 fr.). The miraculous is completely eliminated, and the devotional reduced to a minimum. The columns of smoke by day and of fire by night form a mere allusion to a device for guiding stragglers used by nomads on the march. One can catch the idea of the critic who considered the story of Samson coloured by solar mythology, but to ascribe it entirely to that source is surely unscientific. The comparison between

Samuel and John the Baptist is far-fetched, and the apparent imputation of old age to the latter unwarranted. It is distressing to have David introduced as an adventurer and intriguer; but there is some compensation in the admission that, in spite of his sin, he was religious and composed some sacred canticles. Our author has the bad habit of dwelling on defects and omitting redeeming features. The prophets are credited with having opposed the erection of the Temple, and 1 Samuel 7: 4-7 is quoted as alluding to this; but the allusion is at best remote. Eliseus is reproached for his part in the slaying of a party of boys by bears, and no instance is given of his many kindly acts. Whilst admitting the humane character of much of the Mosaic legislation and the substantial soundness of Hebrew family life, the motive of not boiling the calf in its mother's milk is stated to be pure superstition.

Jeremiah is described, without proof, as a man who was intensely religious, but at the same time a rationalist; and the prophets generally are not supposed to have believed in the future life which is spoken of—p. 192—as a new doctrine promulgated by the Pharisees. Surely such statements are far too sweeping; for, even though Sheol was not a cheerful place, it implied some form of future existence. The Professor regards Ezechiel as in measure responsible for the introduction of "clericalism." But how Ezechiel (18—21 sq.) provides any evidence of sacerdotal intervention is beyond our comprehension. It will be seen that the book in its present form could not be used in Catholic schools. It is otherwise handy and well presented. It ends with the destruction of Jerusalem—A.D. 70.

The ancient town of Reading and its neighbourhood contains in its history much that is of interest to Catholics and we are grateful to Mr. John Eppstein for having, on the occasion of the opening of a new church there, written a fairly exhaustive record of the fortunes of the faith with the title, **History of the Faith in an English Town** (St. James's Rectory: 2s. 2d.). He divides his story into four suggestive parts—In the Beginning, The Age of Faith, The Age of Persecution, The Resurrection. The section dealing with the persecution (1558 to c. 1790) is especially valuable as stressing again what needs emphasis nowadays, the total break with the old religion caused by Elizabeth and her English Church. Many excellent photogravures of pastors and churches at Reading adorn the volume.

Miss Susan Cunningham has attempted a bold task in her **Book of Church History** (Longmans: 3s. 6d.), which presents its subject in 262 pages. She rightly considers the Church as the centre and source of civilization—the leaven which moves the whole inert mass of human nature. Each historical period is divided between the internal growth of the Church and her action upon the world. It has all the requirements of a school-book—clear divisions, summaries, time-charts, and bibliographies. Inevitably in the space, statements are made that need more qualification, and there is a certain lack of accuracy in details. St. Alphonsus Rodriguez, for instance, was a lay-brother, and never went to Japan (p. 181). On the other hand, St. Francis Borgia was never a lay-brother (p. 181). It is too much to say that "the Catholic Order" was totally extinguished under Elizabeth (p. 187): there was always

a faithful remnant of clergy and laity who preserved the continuity of the pre-Reformation Church with later ages. No doubt, these defects and others will be removed in a future edition.

Fr. T. M. Schwertner, O.P., has accomplished a very thorough piece of work in his **The Eucharistic Renaissance** (B. O. & W.: 7s. 6d.), which is a history of the rise and growth of the external Cultus of the Blessed Sacrament since the Reformation. A vast deal of information about the various religious congregations in the Church which have devotion to the Holy Eucharist as their *raison d'être* is contained in the book. But the bulk of the volume is devoted to accounts of the various Eucharistic Congresses, which have been held all over the world since 1881, although only a forecast could be given of the 28th at Chicago. It is an invaluable record and a great stimulus to devotion as well.

Much is being written nowadays about the nature and results of English monasticism, not always by members of the Church, and not always correctly, but showing, nevertheless, a growing sympathy with an ideal which Protestantism abhors and rejects. The Rev. D. H. S. Cranage, however, in **The Home of the Monk. An Account of English Monastic Life and Buildings in the Later Middle Ages** (Cambridge University Press: 6s. n.), shows intelligence as well as sympathy. He rightly begins with the material setting of monasticism, "the cloister as the centre of daily life," and devotes the first eight chapters of his book to the various monastery buildings, interweaving an account of the different religious avocations with the places wherein they were exercised. The ninth chapter deals with the development of monasticism historically, especially in the Western World, and although here and there the Catholic might find grounds for criticism, the story as a whole is told with something of the insight of Dr. Jessop and little of the prejudice of Dr. Coulton. The Dissolution is then described, again with reference to historical precedents, but with no sort of approval of Henry's sacrilegious greed. This charming little book is beautifully illustrated with a score of plates, and, although it may be read in a couple of hours, it provides matter for prolonged and fruitful rumination.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the "Vita e Pensiero" Company, the publishing firm of the University of the Sacred Heart, Milan, we have received a number of recent publications, to which we gladly call the attention of our readers. Mgr. F. Olgiati gives us in **Il Sillibario del Cristianesimo** (5 l.) a brief, methodical exposition of Christian doctrine—an A B C of Catholicism, adapted to dispel the theological ignorance of otherwise educated persons. The writer's name is a guarantee of the accuracy and general quality of the work. Don G. Zanchetta writes on **La Regalità del Cristo** (8 l.)—a series of devotional chapters on the new Feast of Christ the King, with reflexions on the various aspects of His Kingship. The text of the Papal Encyclical, in Italian, is added as an appendix. Padre Gemelli, O.F.M., the indefatigable Rector of the University, writes on the neo-scholastic movement in Italy and his own eminent part in it (**Il mio contributo alla Filosofia Scholastica**: 5 l.). This article or series of articles was written for a German philosophical-biographical series

edited by Prof. Raymund Schmidt ("Die Philosophie in Selbstdarstellungen").

The new publishing and bookselling firm of Messrs. Sheed & Ward, in whose prosperity those who desire to spread good literature will take a kindly interest, have made an excellent beginning by the issue of **Mr. Belloc still objects to Mr. Wells' "History"** (price 1s., and 7d. [paper]), a title which recalls the old pamphleteering days when replies to replies often ran to an astounding length. No one need fear, however, that he will find this booklet unintelligible because he has not read Mr. Wells' "Outlines of History," nor Mr. Belloc's "Companion" to the same (presently to be published), nor Mr. Wells' criticism of the "Companion." Mr. Belloc in this latest reply quotes enough of the previous books for the reader to follow easily the course of his original attack and the character of his opponent's rebuttal. It is a beautiful piece of rapier-play by one who is a master of English and of urbanity and of logic at the expense of one who is a master of English only. Mr. Belloc, amidst his various contributions to Catholic literature, has never done better service than in thus demolishing the pretensions of a writer whom a thoughtless and half-educated multitude have taken as an oracle. We can wish him nothing more desirable than that his pungent and unanswerable criticism may have the vogue of the work criticized.

The Congress at Manchester brought to the notice of many people from the south a new magazine called **The Catholic Monthly Review**, published at 6d. in Salford, which was then (September) in its eighth issue. Subsequent numbers show no falling off in the variety of articles produced, or the number of eminent names engaged in the enterprise, to which we wish every success.

FICTION.

For a first essay in romance-writing, Mr. Michael Trappes-Lomax has been bold enough to attempt an analytical study of a group of casually-related people met together on the Riviera. The novel of character is much more difficult than the novel of incident, and **One of these Days** (Secker: 7s. 6d.), in dispensing almost entirely with a plot, compels the author to aim at interesting us in his characters rather than in what happens to them. He has succeeded admirably in presenting his various types, and been quite merciless in dissecting his hero, who is a miracle of futility, and remains so to the end. There is plenty of shrewd observation and not a little humour in the book, and a marked gift for description. We cannot, however, approve of the device of using misapplied quotations from Scripture and putting them into the mouth of one of the least reputable characters. But, on the whole, the book remains a singularly creditable performance, the forerunner, we hope, of even greater successes.

MINOR PUBLICATIONS.

A short biography, written without art or display, tells the simple life-story of **Margaret Sinclair** (Sands and Co.: 3d.), a pious working-class girl of Edinburgh, who, at the age of 23, joined the Poor Clares in London as an extern sister and died of consumption after about two

years of religious life. Many testimonies of her holiness are quoted, and there is a record of several moral and physical favours received through her intercession.

The origin and work of a holy sisterhood, well known in London, **The Congregation of the Assumption** is amongst the new twopenny C.T.S. pamphlets, as also are the historic pronouncement made by Cardinal Bourne at Manchester on September 24, called **Education: a Novel Solution**; **The Virtue of Purity**, by H. R. Buckler, O.P.; and, in the smaller format, **Baptism and Churching**, with notes by Father Martindale.

The reprints are very numerous, pointing to a more rapid turnover of the Society's stock. We have before us **A simple Catholic Dictionary**, by F. Bowden; **The Real Presence**, by F. Mangan, S.J.; **The Blessed Sacrament**, by Cardinal Manning; **The Gordon Riots**, by Lionel Johnson; **Westminster Abbey** and **The Tower of London**, by C. L. Jones; **Blessed Thomas More**, by Justice O'Hagan; **God's Will the End of Life**, by Cardinal Newman; **St. Ignatius Loyola**, by Father Goldie, S.J.; **The Book of Common Prayer and the Mass**, by Rev. R. C. Laing; **St. Francis of Assisi**, by Father Oswald, O.S.F.C.; **St. Peter in the New Testament**, by Mgr. Benson; **Have Anglicans any Right to call themselves Catholics?** by H. E. Hall; **St. Joan of Arc**, by J. B. Milburn; **An Examination of Socialism**, by H. Belloc; **Excommunication**, by H. Thurston, S.J.; **St. Stanislaus Kostka**, by C. C. Martindale; **The Problem of Evil**, new and enlarged, by M. D'Arcy, S.J.; **The Miracles at Lourdes**, by F. Woodlock, S.J.; **St. Teresa**, by David Lewis; **Mysticism**, by Rev. A. B. Sharpe; **The Crib**, by Rev. A. Roche; **The Conversion of a Modernist**, by Canon A. de Bavier; and **Out of the Depths**, by Rev. J. I. Lane.

Reprints in the smaller format are almost equally numerous, comprising: **The Simple Prayer Book**, now nearing the fourth million; **The Holy Angels**, **The Holy Infancy**, **Patience**, **Requiescat in Pace**, and **Our Father**, all popular little meditation books, by Father R. Clarke, S.J.; **The Words of Life**, by C. C. Martindale, revised; **How to follow the Mass** (for non-Catholics), by Rev. E. Pritchard; **How to serve Mass**, **Mass for the Dead and Burial Service**, **A Simple Communion Book**, by Mother Loyola; **What is the Eucharist**, by Dom L. Nolle, O.S.B.; **Before the Tabernacle**, **Christmas Verses**, **Prayers on the Anima Christi**, and **The Acts of the Apostles**: 2 Parts.

From the C.T.S. of Ireland comes a large batch of pamphlets:—**St. Peter**, by M. A. Mark; **Christ's Brotherhood**, by Rev. G. Pierse, D.D.; **The Catholic Spirit and the Work-a-day World**, by Rev. T. P. F. Gallagher; **The Greatest Century: the Thirteenth**, by T. N. Burke-Gaffney, S.J.; **The Little Sisters of the Assumption**, by Mrs. Conor Maguire; **A Shamrock of Irish Foundresses**, by M. J. Phelan, S.J.; **S. Margaret Mary**, by H. A. Johnston, S.J.; **Henry Hubert Belletable**, by Rev. P. Carroll, C.S.S.R.; **The Story of my Conversion**, by A. M.; **Healthy Children**, by Nurse Healy, and a number of gay-covered storiottes.

Six numbers of **The Catholic Mind** (Vol. XXIV., Nos. 15–20) (America Press: price 5 c. each), contain a variety of useful excerpts. **The Catholic Church and Education in Mexico** in No. 20, by Bishop Kelly, refutes the calumnies of Calles, and **Catholic Education in Mexico, 1525–1912**, by G. Delcorme, S.J., shows what the Church had to contend

with from the first. No. 18 is devoted to St. Francis of Assisi, and reprints S. Mussolini's tribute; in No. 16 appears the Papal Brief in praise of St. Aloysius.

One of the shorter writings of Bl. Louis Marie de Montfort, *The Secret of Mary* (B. O. & W.: 6d.), yet contains the essence of his spiritual teaching regarding devotion to the Mother of God.

Mr. Dunlop, of Cambridge, has compiled from the Press a Calendar of *Historical Events of 1925* (no publisher: 1s.), arranged mainly on a geographical basis, and sometimes ascribed to month and day as well. The items seem to us to be too brief and colourless to convey any real information.

As school reading-books, the *Griptast English Books* (Longmans: price, Book V., 2s. 3d.; Book VI., 2s. 6d.), compiled by Madame Forbes, are quite out of the common, for they often explore new ground, are very varied in their contents, and are profusely illustrated by reproductions of famous pictures. Book V. is devoted to Chivalry, and Book VI. to Literature.

The little book *Some First Things* (Society of SS. Peter and Paul: 1s.), by the Anglican Bishop of Colombo, contains much that is good and stimulating, for the Bishop believes in the central truths of Christianity, although his views on the Church are necessarily inadequate.

BOOKS RECEIVED

(Reviewed in present issue or reserved for future notice.)

BIBLIOTECA BALMES, Barcelona.

Los Orígenes de los Ejercicios Espirituales. By A. Codina, S.J. Pp. xvi. 30s.

BLACKWELL, Oxford.

Letters to America from Old England. By Bernard Gilbert. Pp. 493. Price, one guinea net.

B.O. & W., London.

The Mind of the Saints. By C. V. Trent. Pp. vii. 218. Price, 5s.
The Catholic Student's Aids to the Bible. By Fr. Hugh Pope, O.P. Revised Edition. Pp. xiv. 402. Price, 7s. 6d.
Practice of the Presence of God. Translated by D. Attwater. Pp. xii. 64. Price, 2s. 6d. and 5s.
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